

Laugh and be fat :
OR, AN
ANTIDOTE
AGAINST
MELANCHOLY.

CONTAINING,

- I. Great Variety of Comical
INTRIGUES and STORIES, in
Town and Country.
- II. POEMS upon various Occasions.
- III. Witty EPIGRAMS and WHIMS.
- IV. EPITAPHS serious and comical.
- V. Pleasant SONGS and BALLADS.

*Written by the most Ingenious Authors
of the Age.*

The TWELFTH Edition.

L O N D O N :
Printed for C. HITCH, at the Red
Lion, in Paternoster-Row. 1741.

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OF A N
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THE PREFACE.



Think there needs nothing further to recommend the following Collection, than to acquaint the World, that among the entertaining Variety there are several excellent Things, reputed to be written by some of the most masterly Pens that the present Age hath hitherto been proud of, but whether printed by Consent of, or revis'd by the Authors, I will not venture to affirm, without better Assurance.

The Persons concern'd in this Publication, hope no Gentleman will be offended at the Liberty they have taken, in rudely introducing their Papers into such mix'd Company, without Deference to their Merit, or Regard to that Precedency which they ought to, and should have had, but that the Book was col-

The P R E F A C E.

lected by Degrees, and one Sheet wrought off before another was compleated; I was therefore desir'd by the Bookseller, who was himself the chief Gleaner of the following Miscellany, to write this Preface, on Purpose to beg Pardon of the Gentleman Proprietor, who shall think himself injur'd in the Use of any of his Writing, without his Leave or Knowledge.

Having thus far pursu'd the Instructions of the Bookseller, I now think myself oblig'd to say something in relation to myself.

A worthy Gentleman, Author of Mr. T. Brown's Life) tho' how much Justice he has done to the Memory of his Friend, let the World judge) has been pleas'd there to pass an high flying Compliment upon me, that I don't remember I ever deserved at his Hands, and in return to which, though I allow him to be a wonderful discreet Gentleman and a celebrated Bard, yet I would have him think he no more exceeds Doctor G---h in Poetry, than the Hooting of an Owl does the Harmony of a Nightingal. So farewell,



Laugh and be Fat, &c.

*The Parson and the Fowls: Or, The Maid
too cunning for her Master.*

A Rich old Batchelor, a Clergyman in the Country, having made Choice of a pretty young Maid to be his House-keeper, had order'd, upon a certain *Sunday*, a Couple of Fowls to be got ready for his Dinner, that after he had given his Congregation a little Christian Consolation at Church, he might come Home and refresh his tired Vitals with a dainty Modicum. When the Clark, and his loobily Assistants, had chim'd all in for about a Quarter of an Hour, away jogg'd the Shepherd to fodder his Sheep, and measure his Time by the Hour-glass, leaving his pretty House-keeper to prepare the Cacklers against the accustomed Time of his Return.

The diligent Maid, when she thought her Ghostly Master had been long enough

nough exalted in Degrees above the Clark, to get above a Quarter of an Hour, on the right Side of his Text, guess'd it a very proper Time to lay down the Fowls, which she did accordingly. As the Tit-Bits were running merrily round before a rousing Fire, who should take the Advantage of the Parson's Absence, but his House-keeper's Sweetheart, who, by his pleasant comical Hoity-Toities, and other winning Accomplishments, had so wrigg'l'd himself into her Affections, that he had as much Command of her as her Master.

The Maid, having mistaken the Time of Day, happen'd to be a little too early with her Cookery, so that the Fowls were full ready before the Parson had given his hungry Auditory Leave to return Home to their Puddings and Dumplings. The Sweet-heart, being a Fellow of an incomparable Stomach, thought it great Pity such good Victuals should be spoil'd for Want of eating, and very eagerly solicited his loving Jug, to spare him one of the Fowls to stop a little hole he had in his Appetite, telling her, One would be sufficient for her Master, and that she had

had Wit enough to contrive some Story or other, handsomely to excuse the Matter.

The Maid, being willing to oblige her Lover, who she found was so desirous to oblige her upon all Occasions, ventur'd to take up one to save the Longing of her Sweet-heart, who, being very well prepar'd for such a nice Entertainment, gobbl'd it up with such Expedition, that before his Benefactress had wound up the Jack, he had not so much as left the Claws, which the poor Cockril us'd to scratch the Dunghil withal.

He had no sooner thus dispatch'd his Sweet-heart's first Courtesie, but he began to be very importunate with her for the second, telling her, an Excuse was as easily made for both, as for one; and that she had as good be hang'd for a Sheep as a Lamb; till at last, by adding a few melting Kisses to his ravenous Sollicitations, he prevailed upon her to draw the other off the Spit, that he might finish his Meal, by robbing the Parson of his Sunday's Dinner. The second Bird being brought before him, he lost no Time, but drove down the former

former with the latter, without any visible Abatement either of his Speed or his Appetite. When he had cleared the Dish, and wash'd all down with a Cup of the Parson's best Beer, he took a thankful Leave of his Mistress, who now began to be at her Wit's End, how to excuse her Foolishness.

As she was thus pondering with herself, who should step in, but the Parson and a Stranger with him, who coming from another Town to hear him preach, the Parson thought himself oblig'd to invite him to Dinner with him.

No sooner had the Levite conducted his Guest into the Parlour, but he beg'd his Pardon a Minute, and retir'd into another Room to whet his Knife upon the Frame of an old Table, which was always his Custom before Dinner; the Maid, in a Peck of Fears and Troubles, took the Advantage of this Interim, and stepping into the Parlour in a strange seeming Sort of Disorder, frightens away her Master's Guest, with a surprizing Story as follows, viz. ' Lord, Sir, how came you to venture yourself home with my Master at this Time of Day; when if you had known, you might have easily discover'd

discover'd by his Countenance, he is in one of his old Freaks. Why, what's the matter with him? *says the Country Farmer*, he was very civil to me in the Church-Yard, and by all Means would bring me home to dine with him. Alas! good Sir, *replied this Maid*, whatever you do, let me advise you to make the best of your Way out of the House, for if you stay, now he is in one of his Phrenzical Humours, he will certainly geld you; and I dare say he is whetting his Knife for the same Purpose: He has lately serv'd two or three so already, tho' they have had the Discretion to keep it silent because they would not be laugh'd at. I thank thee kindly, Sweetheart, cry'd the *Countryman*, are these his Tricks, with a Pox to him? Wounds! shew me the next Way out, for I would not lose my *Tarriwags* for the best Dinner in *Christendom*: Upon which she shew'd him a Backdoor, and away ran my Gaffer as if the Devil was at his Heels.

He had not been gone a Minute, but in comes the Parson with his Knife in his Hand, and finds his Maid stamping and storming, as if she was raving Mad, in the Parlour, with an empty, smear'd

smear'd Dish upon the Table, and his Guest gone: 'What's the matter now, *says the Parson*, Where's the Man gone that I brought him with me? Lord, Sir, *replies the Maid*, I never saw such an unmannerly Hound since my Eyes were open, I no sooner brought the Fowls to the Table, but he snatch'd them both out of the Dish and cramm'd them into his *Codpiece*, and away he scour'd out at the Back-door, as if the Devil were in him. Nouns, *says the Priest*, I am resolv'd the Impudent Rogue shall not cozen me of my Dinner so: And away runs the Parson after the Countryman, who, by this Time had gotten near a Field's Length off him; but however, having preach'd himself very hungry, he trotted away after him with his naked Knife in his Hand, crying out, 'Give me, you brazen Rogue, what you have run away with in your Breeches, *the Fellow answering as he run*, Efaith Doctor not I, I would rather see you hang'd first.' The Parson finding the Fellow too nimble for him, was very willing to compound, and cry out in milder Terms: 'Prithee, Friend, don't run away with 'em but be so kind as to let me have one of them. Not I, by the Mass, *replies the Fellow*,

Fellow, I had rather see you at the Devil, than part with either of 'em.' The Farmer being young and lusty, soon got Ground of the Parson, so that he was forc'd to give over his Chase, and return home Puffing and Blowing, having nothing left but Batchelor's Fare, viz. Bread and Cheese, and Kisses for his *Sunday's* Dinner.

The Lady's Complaint against the Merchant, for running away with the Pump.

A *Turkey* Merchant travelling on the Road, about 20 Miles from *London*, happen'd to be overtaken by very bad Weather a little before Night, and having no Prospect of a Publick House to have Recourse to for Shelter, being a Man of Figure, he resolv'd to beg Admittance at the first House he came to, to avoid the Severity of the encreasing Storm; he had not galloped on a Furlong further, but he came to a pretty neat Box which stood by the Highway-Side, where he beheld a very beautiful Lady, looking out of a Window, upon which he rid up to the Door, and applying himself to the Lady at the Casement, humbly begged her to take Pity upon a distressed Traveller, and that

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Laugh and be Fat.

That she would be so kind as to give him a Reception till the Violence of the Storm was blown over or abated : The compassionate Lady discerning him to be a Gentleman, soon granted his Request, and order'd her Servant to admit her Weather-beaten Suppliant, and to take care of his Horse : He had no sooner taken Sanctuary in his little Paradise, as he thought it, but a rousing Fire was kindled in the Parlour, and a Cap, Night-Gown, Shirt, Slippers, and all Conveniencies were brought him to refresh him.

When he had thus refreshed his Body with a good Fire and a dry Garment, he presented his Service to the Lady by her Waiting-Maid, and humbly craved Leave to pay his Respects to the Lady, and that she would honour him with an Opportunity of returning her Thanks for the great and charitable Obligation she had conferred upon him. No sooner was the Message delivered, but the generous Lady very readily blessed him with her Company : After he had attacked her Ears with a whole Volley of Complements, and discharg'd himself at her Entrance very much like a Gentleman,

Gentleman, she call'd for a Bottle of Canary, and order'd a very agreeable cold Entertainment to be brought in, for the present.

By this Time, the Gentleman presum'd so far, as to ask the Lady if she was married, who answer'd in the Negative; further telling him: 'That she was oblig'd to a Gentleman who was her Peculiar, for her Residence in that House, who was gone a long Journey into *Scotland*, and that she did not expect him back this six Weeks, and withal, assur'd him, since the Weather prov'd so bad, he should be very welcome to stay all Night, if it suited with his Conveniency.' The Gentleman being a jolly, juvenile Spark, and very amorously inclin'd, had no Power to refuse so kind an Invitation from so fair a Lady, but made a facetious Acknowledgment of her Favour, and thankfully accepted of her obliging Proffer; and to prevent any Mistrust, that upon more mature Deliberation, she might have of his being some designing Person, he plucks a Letter out of his Pocket, directed to him at his House in *London*, For Sir Robert J---, a Justice of the Peace in the City, which had been sent him about
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three Days before by the Penny Post, the Lady read it over with Abundance of Attention making him a Compliment when she had done, viz. ' That there needed nothing further than his Appearance to prove him a Gentleman.'

The Merchant, as he had good Reason believing her to be a Lady in Keeping, began to take Heart of Grace, and to treat her after such an amorous Manner, that was sufficient to let her understand he expected, as certainly as he lay there that Night, that she should be his Bed-fellow ; so that when Supper was over, having prepar'd her with a few melting Kisses , and other softening Preliminaries, he took the Freedom to make her sensible of the inexpressible Happiness he had the Hopes of enjoying ; to which she seem'd neither very averse, nor yet over-forward, but cunningly signify'd, she wanted some further Inducement, than barely Love and Importunity, to bring her to a Compliance ; upon which, the Merchant being an Intelligible Man, soon discover'd her Meaning, and being elevated by her Charms and Dalliances, to the highest Pitch of Desire, told her, ' That

‘That he had no Present about him worthy of her Acceptance; but if, at any Time, when she came to *London*, she would give herself the Trouble to send for him to any Tavern, he would be extremely glad to wait on her, and that he would present her with Fifty Guineas, to buy her a Diamond Ring, if she would do him the Honour to wear it for his Sake.’ She seemingly took but slight Notice of his generous Offer; but however began to shift off her former Coyness, and Lip-led him into a pretty good Assurance, that he had gain’d the Point, and at last condescended so far, as to promise him her Favours, which was no sooner done, but a convenient Bed of Assignment was order’d to be sheeted next to her own Chamber, whither she could have an easy Recourse at Midnight, without Discovery.

When all Things were in Readiness, the Merchant hastened to his Pillow, thinking every Minute an Age till the Business was consummated: When all Things were hush, the Servants gone to Bed, and the Opportunity proved seasonable, the Lady was as good as her Word, and nothing but *Sallenger’s Round* was

was reciprocally danc'd, till both Parties were rather tir'd than satisfy'd. About Day-break, the Lady bid him Good-morrow, and return'd to her own Bed, leaving her wearied Lover to refresh himself with a little Sleep after his hard Night's Journey. When three or four Hour's Repose had enabled him to rise, up he got, and recovering his Loss of Spirits with a plentiful Cup of mulled Canary, he return'd the Lady Abundance of Thanks for her compassionate Favours, discharg'd himself handsomely of the Servants, and so proceeded on his Journey.

About a Month after, the Lady came to Town, and according to her Lover's Directions, made bold to send for him from his own House; but the Gentleman recollecting what an extravagant Promise he had made the Lady, in Requital of her Favours, thought it the wisest way to neglect going; accordingly sent back Word, 'That he was very busy and could not possibly wait on her;' which provoking Slight, after the Pretence of so much Kindness, justly kindled in the Lady such a revengeful Indignation, that her nimble Wits had soon formed a Project

Project how he should be even with him resolving to put her Design in Practice with all Expedition.

Accordingly she takes a Coach, and orders the Coachman to drive her to Sir Robert J-----, a known Justice of the Peace, and the very Gentleman who sent the Letter to the Merchant which he had shewn to the Lady: Sir Robert being at Home and at Leisure, she was soon admitted to acquaint the Justice of her Business, who told him, that she had a great Complaint against his Friend Mr. Hazard. The Justice seem'd much surpriz'd, that so pretty a Lady should appear as an Enemy against his Friend, whom he always thought to be a Man of unspotted Reputation, and desir'd to know what she had to charge him with: Upon which the injur'd Lady thus laid open the Grievances, viz. ' Your Friend Mr. Hazard, the Merchant, not long since took of me a very pleasant little Tenement which he was to occupy without any Let, Hindrance, or Molestation, for a certain Term agreed on between both Parties, in consideration of the Sum of fifty Guineas, which he was to pay me on demand, and after he had enjoy'd

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the Premises, with all its Appurtenances, the full time of the Agreement he quitted the Possession very Dishonourably, and now hides himself from me, because he would not pay me the Money. Madam, *reply'd the Justice*, I am very sorry to hear these things of a Gentleman who is my Friend, and a Person that has always enjoy'd so fair a Character ; but however, Madam, these are Matters that come within the Cognizance of the Common-Law, so that they are not properly whitin my Sphere to meddle with, but this Service I can do you ; if you please, Madam, I will send for him, and if, upon hearing both sides, I find he has done you wrong I will persuade him all that I can to do you Justice.

The Lady approv'd very well of the Proposal, and thank'd his Worship for his Civility ; accordingly Sir *Robert* dispatch'd his Footman with a Message to Mr. *Hazard*, which brought him presently before his fair Accuser, who repeated over her former Complaint before the Face of the Offender : The Merchant at first was very much surpriz'd to find himself sent for upon this Occasion ; till perceiving the Lady had so wittily touch'd

her

her Accusation under such a modest Allegory, and then he thought it best to acknowledge the Charge, lest, by denying it, he should provoke the Lady to give the Justice a full Explanation of her Meaning to his open shame and dishonour, so that he confess'd he had taken a Tenement of her upon such a Consideration as was allowed. ' But, Madam, *says he*, you know there was a deep Well belonging to this Tenement, which wanted a substantial Pump, without which you are sensible the Tenement would have been of no Use to me; therefore, since I was at the Expence of putting up such a Conveniency, I think it is but Justice that you should make a reasonable Abatement: But, Sir, *replied the Lady*, you must consider, when you quitted the Possession, that you took the Pump along with you; had you left the Pump standing, that I could have had the Use of it when I had seen Occasion, I should now be very willing to allow any Deduction; but since that you put up the Pump for your own Pleasure, and carried it away with you when you left the Tenement I think it but Reason I should have my full Money. Well, Madam, *replies the Gentleman*, because you shall have no just

Reason to say, I have dealt hardly by a fair Lady, I promise you, before I part with you, to give you your full Money, and to lend you the Pump into the Bargain, provided you will take care never to abuse it: The Lady punctually promised it should never be the worse for her wearing.' So taking leave of Sir Robert, he waited upon the Lady to the next Tavern, in order to lend her the Pump, and pay her the Money.

Thirty Thousand Pounds bid for a pair of Bandstrings; or the two precious Stones presented to a rich Widow.

A Rich old Alderman of the City of London, that dealt much in the Interloping Trade to the *East-Indies*, having a pretty young Gentleman to his Nephew, who had been bred under him; and being willing to give him Opportunity of raising his Fortune, sent him Abroad in the Post of a Supercargo, and withal gave him 1000 *l.* to improve himself, with the best Directions how to manage it to Advantage: But it being his first Voyage, he met with such unexpected Losses and Crosses Abroad, that he at last was forc'd to return home very unfortunate, and was so

by a far from having added to his Uncle's Benevolence, that he had quite embezzl'd not only his own Stock, but his Uncle's Cargo; however making it appear to the old Gentleman, it was more owing to Misfortune than Extravagance, he was so very kind to his Kinsman, notwithstanding his Disappointment; and having a young brisk widow Lady, to whom he was a Cashier, and for whom he sometimes traded, that us'd often to dine with him, he resolv'd by a Stratagem, to try if he could not recommend his Nephew as a Person worthy of her Affections, and as a Gentleman proper to become her Husband.

Accordingly, to put his Project in Practice, he provided himself with a stout Horse-whip, which he convey'd privately under his Cloke; and when thus arm'd for his Design, he desir'd his Nephew's Company to the Tavern, in order to take Part of a small Collation. The young Gentleman, who was always forward to obey his Uncle, shew'd himself ready in an Instant to answer his Request. And away troop'd the old *Fox* to the next Tavern, with the unfortunate *Cub* after him.

They were no sooner enter'd; but the Uncle desir'd a private Room above Stairs,

a Quart of Claret and Tobacco, ordering the Drawer not to suffer any Body to disturb them in half an Hour, for that they had some particular Business together, that would at least, require that Time to be dispatch'd in.

When all Things were perform'd according to Order, and the Door shut, the old Gentleman commanded his Nephew to strip to his Shirt, that he might see what Linnen he wore, for he had been inform'd he was grown such a nasty, lousy Sloven, that no Body would venture to lie with him. The young Gentleman, mightily surpriz'd at his Uncle's Request, could not imagine what to think of it; at last, considering some Body or other, thro' Prejudice, might report such a malicious Story, he resolv'd to give his Uncle the Satisfaction he requir'd, and accordingly pluck'd off his Coat and Waistcoat, assuring him it could be nothing but the spiteful Suggestion of some envious Person, who was his Enemy, and that in every Particular the Report was scandalously false.

When he was thus stript to his Shirt, the cunning old *Sly-boots*, the better to effect his Ends, puts on his Spectacles, and fell to peeping about his Wristbands and his Collar

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Collar, as if he had been looking for Ver- mine. 'Come, Sirrah, *says he*, now down with your Breeches let me look the Waste band, for that's the most likely Harbour to find such Cattle in. Lord, Sir, *says the young Gentleman*, you command me now beyond Modesty. I tell you, Sir, *replies the Uncle*; I will see what Condition you're in; therefore do as I bid you, or it shall be more out of your Way than your Head is worth.' The Nephew knowing his Uncle to be a Man of good Morals, and for fear of disobliging him, condescended, which he had no sooner done, but the old Cuff fell to peeping in the Seams and Gathers, as earnestly as if he had no other Drift, than to see if he had been lousy; but of a sudden, as he was thus searching, pretendedly for the Creepers, up he starts, and before the other could pluck up his Breeches, he lugs out his Horse Whip, seemingly in a mighty Passion: 'Sirrah, *says he*, let your Breeches hang. I have heard you whored away your Money in *Spain and Italy*, and that you are return'd home with such a damnable Pox, that the Testimonies of your Manhood are swell'd as big, Sirrah, as a Couple of *Norfolk Dumplins*, and I am resolv'd before you

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Sir,

stir, to know the Truth of the Matter, therefore lug out your Smock-smelling Plugtail, that I may see your Condition, or I will jirk your Buttock with this Instrument of Correction, till I make your Teeth chatter in your Codpiece.' The young Gentleman believing from his Uncle's Passion he had really heard what he told him, between Fear and Anger, gave the old Gentleman the Liberty of beholding the Premises, that his own Eyes might bear Witness of the Falsehood of these base Aspersions.

When the Uncle had beheld all according to his Judgment, in a very sound Condition. 'Now Nephew, *says he*, I have a Mind to make a Bargain with you, what shall I give for those Pair of Bandstrings that Dame *Nature* has ty'd the Bottom of your Belly with. Lord, *says the Kinsman*, I would not take 20,000 *l.* for them. I will give thee, *replies the Uncle*, 20,000 *l.* for them, and that's more than they are worth by Abundance of Money. Bless me Sir, *replies the Nephew*, I would not part with them for 40. Thou extravagant Urchin, *cries the old Dad*, I'll give the 30000 for them, and if you will not take that you may keep them. In Truth, Sir, re-

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turns the young one, not I, I would not part with one of them for the Universe. Then thou mayst e'en dress thyself, *says the old Chap*, and button up your Ware, for I shall not be your Purchaser. Pray, Sir, *says the Nephew*, now your Heat's over, what is your Meaning? I am perfectly amaz'd at the Oddness of your Fancy. Hold your Tongue, Boy, *cries old Crusty*, and sit down to thy Bottle and Pipe, when thou hast that in thy Bed, that I have in my Head, you will rightly understand my Meaning.' He then proceeded to ask his Nephew, 'What ready Money he had at his Command; who told him, 'About 50 Guineas, and that was all he had in the World. That's not sufficient, *says the old Gentleman*, there's a Bank-bill for 200*l.* more; be sure you take care to get yourself a good Equipage and take a Couple of Blacks from on board, and put them in good Liveries and be ready to dine with me this Day Se'nnight.' Having delivered his Instructions, they drank their Bottle, and parted till the Time prefix'd.

The old Gentleman had not been return'd Home above half an Hour, but who should step in to Sup with him, but the buxom Widow, who being very merry

and jocund at the Table gave the old Alderman a very seasonable Opportunity to put her in mind of *Matrimony*, wondering how so pretty a Lady, and so good a Fortune, could delight to spend so much of her Youth and Beauty without the Consolation of a good Husband, and withal began to speak mightily in the Praise of a jolly, handsome, young Nephew of his, who was lately come from the *East-Indies* and had made so prosperous a Voyage, that amongst the rest of his Effects, he had brought over a Couple of such precious Stones, that he himself, but a few Hours since, had bid him thirty thousand Pounds for, but could not prevail with him to part with them, because he had some Thoughts of Marrying, could he meet with a Lady to his Mind, and that he was resolv'd to keep them for a Present to his Bride. This specious Story took the list'ning Widow presently by the Ears, who very frankly express'd herself: 'That as the Gentleman was his Nephew, and one that she had so fair a Character of from so worthy a Person as himself, she should be very glad to see him, if it were for no other Reason, than that he was his Relation.'

Upon this Encouragement, the old Gentleman

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tleman told her : ' He had engag'd his Nephew to dine with him upon that Day Se'night, and if she would be pleas'd to honour them with her good Company, he should think himself greatly oblig'd to her.' The Lady, upon the Alderman's Request, answer'd, ' She would accept of his Invitation.' And after she had exercis'd her Tongue with a little Female *Tittle-Tattle*, she took her leave, resigning the old Alderman to his Ptificky Cough, and Flannel Night-Cap.

When the Day appointed came, all Persons met according to Agreement, and the young Spark had so improv'd his Appearance, by his Garb and Attendants, that he look'd as great as a *Scotch* Laird with a Couple of his *Clans*, or *Vassals* at his Elbow. The Lady, by that Time Dinner was over, could not forbear signifying, by her Eyes, her Approbation of his Person, so that by the old Gentleman's Management, and his Instructions to his Nephew, the Matter was thoroughly effected in less than a Fortnight, and the Wedding kept, tho' with some Privacy, at the Alderman's own House, where they had not bedded above two or three Nights, but the Bride expecting the costly Present of those

those precious Stones the Alderman had told her of, took an Opportunity one Night, when she was fast locked in the Embraces of her new Bedfellow, to ask him what was become of those delicate rich Stones he had brought over with him from beyond Sea. ‘My Dear, *replied the Bridegroom*, here they are at your Service, upon my Word they are the individual Jewels my Uncle bid me 30,000 *l.* for, but I would not part with ’em; and upon my Word they shall not be set to any Body’s Ring, but thy own. Well, my Dear, *says she*, since it is as it is, I am so far from repenting my Bargain, that now you have presented them to me, I assure you I accept them so kindly, and like ’em so well, that all the Money in the Universe should not purchase them.’ So both Parties being well pleas’d, they liv’d very comfortably together.

*The Scolding Wife; Or, The Husband’s
Comical Revenge.*

A Jolly Suck-Bottle, who was unhappily decoy’d into the wrangling State of *Matrimony* happen’d to be blest’d over the Left Shoulder with the Devil of

a Termagent, so that if he was not ready to step into *Marriage-Bed*, by that Time *Bow-Bell* had proclaim'd the Ninth Hour, he was sure to have his Ears fring'd with such a Peal of *Tongue-thunder*, more terrible to his *Lungs* than the *Crowing* of a *Cock* to the trembling *Lion*: So that having staid one Night with some of his merry Companions beyond the Patience of his Bed-fellow, well-knowing that his Bundle of *Rue* would be highly provok'd at his Transgression, he bethought himself of a Project that might cease her Clamours, and change the furious Scene into a pleasant Comedy.

Accordingly, he provided himself with a Pound of *Sausages* which he button'd into his *Codpiece*, and then stagger'd Home to his Tormentor, in order to put his merry Conceit in Practice. No sooner was he admitted into his noisy Habitation, but he found his *Teaser* so full charged with ill Language, that she let fly a Volly of *Rogues* and *Rascals* at him, wounding his *Reputation* beyond all Patience, taxing him with the Neglect of *Family Duty*, crying, 'She was sure nothing but the Company of lewd Women could occasion him to keep such unreasonable Hours

Hours.' Upon which Words he snatches up a Knife in one Hand, and clapping the other into his Breeches cuts off one of the Sausages, and dabs it into the Fire, crying, 'He hoped now he should put an end to her Jealousy.' The frightened Wife took it to be the Testimony of his Manhood, and running to the Door, made a lamentable Outcry among the Neighbourhood, 'That her Husband had murder'd himself by cutting off his *Doolittle*, and flinging it into the Fire, begging them to rise, for the Lord's Sake, and come to her Assistance.'

The good Women, much alarm'd at such a frightful Story, whipt on their Under-Petticoats, and Slip-Shoes, and came running with more Speed than if it had been to a Labour, that in a Minute, the House was as full of *Tittle-tattles* of all Ages, as if the God *Priapus* had erected his Standard, and beat up for Female Volunteers to fight under his Banner; all shaking their Heads, and beholding with sorrowful Eyes, the little Spectacle in the Fire, hissing, sputtering, and broiling, as if it had been really poor *Pego* spitting its last Venom at that provoking Sex, which had often been the Occasion of his

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Downfal. The good Man sitting all the while Grunting and Groaning in his Chair, as if he was just expiring. A cunning old Matron, in the Front of the Female Assembly, mistrusting there might be some Cheat in the Matter, express'd herself to the rest of the Sister-Gossips after the following Manner, *viz.* 'Come, come, Neighbours, I think it highly necessary we should enquire into the Truth of this unhappy Business.' And having spoke these Words, she popt her Hand into his *Codpiece*, where she felt the rest of the Sauages, upon which she shook her Head, and fetching a deep Sigh, cried out, 'I vow to God, Neighbours, he has certainly unmann'd himself, and has cut so great a Gash in the Bottom of his Belly, that his Guts are tumbled into his Breeches.' Which occasioned the good Man to burst into an open Laughing, at last to discover the whole Secret, that the talkative Congregation might be undeceived, and return Home to their warm Beds, and there with their Husbands, fall to the old Trade of Basket-making, which they accordingly did, leaving the pre-suppos'd *Gelding* to convince his *Whither do-go*, that he had more Wit in his Anger, than to revenge

revenge himself of an ill Tongue, by burning his Peace-maker.

The Watchmaker, and the Constable.

A *Watchmaker*, who was much given to wind up the Strings of Life above the common Pitch, with a chearful Bottle, happen'd one Night to tarry so long over his *Tipple*, that the Midnight Monarch at *Ludgate* had got the Start of him, and had resumed his *Elbow-Throne* before the other had quitted his Tavern-Chair; so that having a little over loaden himself with Liquor, as he was staggering through the Gate, he had a Verbal Summons from the *Watch*, to reel before the *Constable*, who made the accustomed Enquiry, 'What Occasion he could have to drink so much, and to stay out so late?' The *Watchmaker* hickuped out an Answer as well as he could, telling the *Constable* flatly, tho' not very plainly, 'That good Wine and good Company were the chief Motives that induced him into this Error. Pray, Friend, further added Mr. Conniwobble, of what Trade are you?' A *Watchmaker*, replied the other. Adsheart,

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says his Majesty's Representative to his Body Guard: 'Suppose this Man should have a Charge of Watches about him, and he should happen to lose them now he is drunk, who knows but that he may lay them to our Charge?' Then turning to his drunken Respondent, ask'd him, 'If he had ever a Watch about him? Who looking round him replied, 'Yes truly, and a Constable too; I would the Devil had them all: Well Friend, *says the Constable*, you may go about your Business, for if you have any Watches about you, I find you have Wit enough to secure them; and so Farewell to thee.'

The Waterman and the drowned Dog; or, the Gentleman cozen'd of his Sausages.

A Gentleman, who liv'd in *Greenwich* having Business in *London*, and being a great Lover of Sausages, coming by some good House-wife's House, who was eminent for making them, he furnished himself with a Couple of Pound in a Sheet of Brown Paper, which he design'd to carry Home for his own eating. When he had dispatched the Affair that called

called him to Town, he return'd to the *Tower Stairs*, in Order to take Boat for *Greenwich*: When he came to the Water Side, finding he had the Advantage of the Tide, contented himself with a Skul-ler. The Gentleman boarding his *Wherry*, sat himself down, and laid the *Sau-sages* by him; but the Paper not being ty'd, began to open a little by Degrees, so that the Water-man, who was an arch Fellow, by a Glance of his Eye discover'd what his Fare had provided to regale himself with, but took not the least Notice of 'em, that the Gentleman might not mistrust he had any Knowledge of what was contain'd in his little Bundle. By and by they happen'd to overtake a huge dead Mastiff, floating upon the Water, with the Skin off, and his Flesh looked by Putrification, of as many Colours as the Rainbow. The Waterman looking very earnestly upon the stinking Carrion, shook his Head, and scratch'd his Ears, and shewed all imaginable Signs of his great Uneasiness; which his Fare observing, could do no less than take Notice of, asking him, 'If that Dog had ever been his, that he seem'd so much concern'd at the Sight of him.

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The Waterman answered him, No, but he could heartily wish he was his now, and that he would very willingly excuse him his Fare. If he would be so kind to let him go back, and take him up in the Stern of the Boat: Zounds, *says the Gentleman,* he will stink so confoundedly, 'twill be enough to give me the Plague; besides, I cannot imagine what the Devil thou canst propose to do with him. Ah! Master, if I had him but in my Boat, I would desire no other Fare to Day; if my Wife had him but at Home, he would be worth at least Half a Piece to us. Prithee, Friend, *says the Gentleman,* be so kind as to let me know what Use thou wouldest put him to; I have a great Desire to be satisfied.' The Waterman seem'd very backward, telling him, 'It was a Secret, and if it should be publicly known, it would be the Ruin of his Family.' The Gentleman grew still the more importunate to have his Curiosity satisfied, giving such Assurances of his Secrecy in the Matter, that in short the Waterman told him, 'His Wife made Sausages, and that she had lately found by Experience that Dog's Flesh, which had been sodden

den about a Month in the River, after it was well cleansed with Salt and Water, cut in amongst her Pork, made the tenderest and best Sausages in the World; and that his Wife, since her Discovery of this Secret, had got such a Reputation in what she pretended to, that she served most of the Gentry's Houses about *Greenwich*.

The Nastiness of this Story, put the Gentleman into such a haulking and spitting Condition, as if he had been in a Salivation; but when he came to his Landing-Place, he very fairly walks out of the Boat, and leaves his Sausages behind him: The Water-man lets him pass on a little way, and then taking them up in his Hands, calls after him. 'Sir, Sir, you have left your Sausages behind you. Aye, aye, replies the Gentleman, I know it well enough, thou may'st ev'n take them and a Pox take thee; and the Devil take the Dog, for I shall never eat Sausages more, for fear they should be of your Wife's making. So away trudg'd the Gentleman, and left his Supper to the Waterman.

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*The Distress'd Seaman: Or, the Boat's-
Crew that supp'd in the Whale's Belly.*

A Jolly Seaman happening into the Company of some romancing Travellers, very confidently affirm'd this following Story, viz. The last Voyage, says he; I took, was in a small Vessel, call'd the *Sparrow's-Nest*, bound directly to *Jamaica*, where we lay in Harbour about 6 Weeks, before we got her freighted. From thence we were consign'd back to a Merchant in *London*, and the Day before we sail'd, we took on Board an old Woman, as a Passenger, who, for many Years, had kept a Bawdy-House in *Port-Royal*, till she had successfully acquir'd, by the Industry of the Tail, the Value of 2000 *l.* which she had chang'd into *Spanish Gold*, and had brought it on Board with her in a small Scrutore, being very desirous of spending her latter Days in *England*, that, when she died, she might lay her Bones to rest in her own Country. We weighed Anchor with the Wind at West and by South, getting clear of the Land, without any Difficulty; and skudded merrily on till we made *Cuba*; the Isle of *Pines*, then

then Cape *Florida*, and so entered the Gulph : But before we got through (as ill Fortune would have it) a Plank happened to start, and we sprung a Leak so fast, that notwithstanding our Pumps, we had Four Foot Water in the Hold, in less than an Hour's Time; so that we had no Hopes left of saving ourselves, but by taking ourselves to our Boat, which accordingly we did, taking in the Compass, and such Bisket and fresh Water as we could venture to carry along with us. The old Woman begg'd hard that we should take in her Box of Money, which, on second Thoughts we yielded to, not knowing how useful it might prove to us, if we should chance to be driven on Shore amongst the *Florida Indians*. We were in all but Eight Hands, besides the old Woman, who was as Penitent for all her past Crimes, as an old Thief going to the Gallows. Thus, exposed to the Rage of the merciless Ocean, we depended wholly upon Providence to protect us; rowing by Turns, keeping in a right Course by the direction of our Compass, having nothing but the Dread of Destruction before our Eyes,

Eyes, left by some unexpected Miracle prevented. The Remainder of the Day we spent in Labour at our Oars, till at last Night drew on, having neither Ship nor Shore in Sight, from whence to expect Safety; but Fortune favouring us with little Wind, and a calm Sea, we thought it necessary to refresh our Bodies with a little Rest, that we might be the better able to strive against the Hardness of tempestuous Weather, if it should happen. Accordingly, we drew Lots who should sit at the Helm, and look out for a Sail, or awake the rest, if any Danger should arise, and who should the Lot fall upon but myself: Agreeably I took my Post, whilst the rest, who being much tired with the Day's Fatigue, fell all to Snoring in a very little Time; they had not long got the Start of me, but I grew so very drowsy, that I could not forbear nodding, and at last dropt into as sound a Sleep as any of them; that Death had now an Advantage to have catched us Napping.

How many Hours we continued in this Silence, I cannot tell; at last one awakes, and finds it so very dark, that he could neither see Moon, Star, or Sky,

or Boat, nor could he perceive the Boat had any rowling Motion as is usual; with that he alarms the rest, who began to rub their Eyes, and endeavoured to look about them, but could not so much as see their Hands. ' Bless me, said I, ' It is a dark long Night. I believe we never shall see Day again. Another takes his Oar and claps it over-board W---ds, said she, we are cast a shore in some Creek, where the Tide has left us for the Devil a Drop of Water is here about the Boat. ' For God's sake, says the old Woman, set me ashore, and give me my Box, I care not where I am if it be but upon dry Land. Pri-
 thee said I, strike a Light, that we may see who and who's together. Which was accordingly done upon which we found ourselves pent up in a little place, but where we could not think nor imagine. The old Woman seeing no Water about her was over hasty to get a shore, and scrambled over the Gunnel of the Boat, at which Interim, one of the Sailors being a little more circumspect than ordinary happened to espy the Entrails of some Creature or other hang over his Head. ' Z---ds, says he, we are got into a Butcher

Butcher's Shambles, ' I think for here's a delicate Pluck hangs: We have had no fresh Provision a good while, by my Lord and my Lady, I'll have a good Slice of the Liver'; draws out his Knife, and cuts off about 2 Pound, upon which we were shot out as swift as an Arrow from a Bow, thro' a narrow Passage, and found ourselves again upon the Sea and no Land near us, it being of a sudden broad Day-light, and the Sun almost upon the Meridian, as we found after by our Observation. We were all strangely startled and surpriz'd, wondering from whence we came or what Place that could be from whence we were ejected with such a rapid force. At last, looking round us, we espied a monstrous Whale, which occasioned us to mistrust he had gorg'd us in our Sleep, and was provok'd by the Wound in his Liver, to throw us up again. But, as Fortune would have it, we brought the Money along with us, and left the old Bawd behind, for the Whale to spew up at another Opportunity.

The Lover's Fortunate Adventure: Or, The young Ones too cunning for the old Ones.

A Young Gentleman of *Hackney*, known by the Name of *Squire Suck-Bottle*, made it his Endeavour to procure a Match with *Sir Thomas Closepurse's* Daughter; in a little time he made a considerable progress in his Design, and had gain'd both the Affections and Consent of the young Lady, before he had propos'd any Treaty with her Father, who hearing of the Intrigue between *Suck-Bottle* and his Daughter, was so highly enrag'd at his clandestine proceeding, that he forewarn'd him from his House, and, as a more secure Prevention of the Match confin'd his Daughter, close Prisoner in her own Apartment. The young Squire being deeply concerned at the severe Usage of his beloved Mistress, assum'd the Courage of a *Roman* Lover, and went at Midnight, when all things were hush and silent to *Closepurse's* Habitation, where by the Assistance of a Friend, he rais'd a Ladder, and mounted himself upon the Leads of the House, and knowing her Lodgings, dropp'd a Letter down the Chimney, to

give

give her Notice he would make her a Visit the next Night the same way himself; which Letter in the Morning the Lady found with unexpressible Satisfaction.

According to the Time prefix'd, the Squire, with the Assistance of two trusty Friends, went in order to accomplish his Intrigue. The Engine he had prepared to shoot the Chimney, being a Rope and a Hand-Basket, by which means he was convey'd safely through the sooty Gulph, at the Bottom of which the panting Lady was ready to receive him in her joyful Arms.

The Signal to be given when his Friends should pull him up, was a Jog of the Rope. Such Familiarity had already past between 'em, that they lost no Time in Courtship, but prepar'd themselves for those Joys to which they hasted with equal Eagerness. They had no sooner leap'd into their downy Elizium, but the Braces of the Ticking began to celebrate the Pleasure of the Night with their accustomed Musick, which was unhappily over-heard by her Lady Mother in the next Room, who awaking her Husband, told him, *She was sure some Body was*

got to Bed to her Daughter. Upon which Sir Thomas leaps up in wonderful haste, takes the Key of his Daughter's Chamber out of his Pocket, which he would not trust with any but himself, and gropes his Way to the Door. The Lovers having done with their first Course, and being laid down to take a little Breath, happen'd to hear the old Gentleman fumbling at the Key-hole ; upon which the Daughter (thro' a great presence of Mind) skips nimbly out of Bed, sets a Chair between the Bed and the Chimney, kneels down, and with abundance of seeming fervency fell to Prayers ; and just as her Father open'd the Door softly, she was in this part of her Devotion ; *I beseech thee make me a Comfort to my Father's Grey Hairs, increase his Riches, advance him to high Honour, and may he live to the Age of Methusalem.* The old Dad was so highly pleas'd with his Daughter's Piety, and kind Supplications for her aged Father, took no Notice, and would by no means disturb her, but gently shut the Door, and return'd to his Bedfellow, giving her a sharp Reproof for her evil Opinion of their dutiful and godly Child.

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Having by this Stratagem, prevented a Discovery, the Lovers renew'd their Joys. The old Lady her Jealousie who arose and took the Key, and would go herself to be satisfied ; who enter'd the Chamber with such Silence, that the busy Lovers heard her not till she stumbled at the Chair, and by lucky Accidence fell into the Basket, which jogg'd the Rope, and gave the Signal. The Anglers above thinking they had caught the right Fish, pull'd up, the old Lady roar'd but still they haul'd, till at last finding their mistake, took her out of the Basket in a Fit, and laid in a second Time, and drew up him they fish'd for, making all a clever Escape, free from any Detection, leaving the Matron of the Family upon the Leads, who recovering from her Fright, shook off her Trance, and making a lamentable Caterwauling, rais'd the Family to her Assistance, who were wonderfully amaz'd to find their Lady in the Condition of a Chimney-Sweeper ; and she being unable to give any Account how she was convey'd thither, it was conjectur'd by her Husband, as a just Judgment to punish her evil Conception of their innocent and righteous Daughter.

The pleasing Revenge: Or, The Brewer's Son over-match'd by the Weaver's Daughter.

T Here was a rich *Weaver* in *Spittle-Fields* (which is *News* in the first Place, because they are generally very poor who had but one Child, and that a Daughter. The old Gentleman, being a fat Man, was full of *Dropsy* and ill Humours, and withal very *lethargick*. His Daughter being a prudent young Woman, behav'd herself with that Duty and Tenderness to her sick Father, that he could not endure to think of her marrying whilst he liv'd, having bury'd his Wife, and could have no Body, as he thought, that would nurse and attend him with that Diligence as his kind and obedient Daughter: Who indeed, (tho' a good humour'd Creature) was blest with but few external Charms to render her Inviting Anarch unlucky Blade who was Son to a neighbouring Brewer, using to take Delight in Jesting with the Female Sex, pretended to Court her, and made her believe he design'd to make her his Wife, carrying on the Matter to so great a Height, that the Morning was appointed

pointed on which they were to be Married at St. *Pancras* Church, he promising to meet her at a certain Hour in the Church-Yard, and to bring the Ring and License along with him ; without the Father's Knowledge.

When he had thus carry'd on the Jest almost to the Period, he tells what he had done to an Acquaintance who was a Man of comely Stature, tho' of mean Fortune; and knowing she was the only Daughter of a rich and infirm Parent, presently be- thought himself of a probable Method of converting this Project to his own Interest but acquainted the other with nothing of his Design for fear of a Disappointment. His Friend having told him the Morning, and the Hour ; and that he intended not so much as to meet her, but let her wait in the Fields by herself, under the Dissatisfaction of so great a Disappointment: The other considering, That when Thoughts of Wedlock are once rais'd in a Woman, the revengeulf Passion such base Usage must in all probability kindle, would so rob her of her Reason that she could not weigh Things with such Discretion as to withstand his Im-
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portunities, so that he ventur'd Hap-hazard to take out a Licence, and buy a Ring; and walks about half an Hour before the Time to *Pancras*, goes into a House, and takes up a convenient Room, where he might observe the Walks and Motions of his propos'd Help-mate.

According to the Time, the Maiden came, fir'd with Thoughts of that happy State into which she was about to enter; but found no Lover, as she expected, to receive her: She waited some little Time with Patience, thinking thro' the Error of the Clock, she might be a little before the Hour. But by that Time she had waited about half an Hour, which seem'd as tedious as an Age, she began to show in her Face some Signs of great Disorder, when her unknown Lover thought it high Time to give the Courtship a Beginning. According he goes down to her, and courteously gives her a Morning Salutation; and tells her, *He came on purpose, thro' the Respect he has for her, to inform her how unmanly and base an Affront was put upon her*; which so greatly enrag'd her, that her Eyes rain'd Showers on her snowy Breasts: Vexation having turn'd her pleasing Hopes into Sighs and Sadness, he then began

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began to express his own Affection of her, and broach by little and little his Design, giving her all the verbal Testimonies of his Love imaginable, using all necessary Protestations to assure her he would prove one of the best of Husbands, and conform to all Things wherein she should place her Ease and Satisfaction; 'till, at last, the Maid prudently considering the Disgrace of being thus serv'd, and what a Blot it would be upon her Reputation, when published among the Neighbourhood, consents to his Request, and they were Marry'd; she obliging him to keep silent for a Time, 'till she should take a seasonable Opportunity to pacify her Father. Then after a little Time spent over a small Repast they parted. The first News the married Virgin heard, when she came Home, was, That her Uncle was dead in the Country, who had no Children of his own, and had left her 400 l. which the Brewer's Son hearing came within two or three Days to beg her Pardon; and endeavour'd to excuse the Rudeness he had committed; she seemingly forgave him, and appointed him a second Time to meet her at the same Place, which on his Side, was then de-

sign'd in good Earnest. But to return his Kindness, she hires one of her Father's Journey-men, who was a stout Fellow to go and thrash him round the Church-Yard, as 'tis said the Devil does his Wife in rainy Weather when the Sun shines, which the Fellow did accordingly. The Victim came running in a great Passion to his Mistress, and demanded the Reason why she had serv'd him so; who told him, *As he went to be marry'd, she hop'd he had met with his Match,* and so dispatch'd him. The old Man hearing the whole Story, in a little Time after, was so pleas'd with the witty Revenge of his Daughter, that he reconcil'd himself to her Marriage, and receiv'd her Husband into the House, where they all liv'd very comfortably together.

The Funeral of a Pig: Or, The Citizen's Son sucking of the Sow.

A Citizen of *London*, whom Providence had bless'd with a fair Estate, and his teeming Wife with a young Son the Hopes and Heir of the Family, gravely considering how far the footy Air of the City might influence the tender Infant with
more

more than natural Dulness, resolv'd to dispose him in the Country, under a more pure and serene Heaven. Several Visits had he made to the neighbouring Villages, and almost rid the Compass round before he could fix, either the Situation of the Place, or the freckl'd Complexion of the Nurse, displeasing his Fancy; at last, about 10 Miles from our fam'd Metropolis, he arriv'd at a Farmer's House the Place extreamly pleas'd him, nor was the good Woman wanting in the least of those excellent Qualifications he had so long industriously sought after. They presently agreed upon reasonable Terms, and the Father, at his Return to *London*, upon his Wife's Approbation sent for the Nurse to fetch the Child.

It happened one Day the Nurse going Abroad upon some more than ordinary Occasion, left the little One to the Care of a young Apprentice-Girl, who not being much acquainted with the Trouble of Children, and having more Mind to go to Play, than tend the peevish Brat, which was froward for want of a Teat, she knowing no other ways to quiet it, carry'd it into the Hog's-Sty, and there laid it to suck of the Sow with the Pigs, where she left

it, very well pleas'd, and gadded abroad herself to find out her Companions. In the Interim, the Father chanced to come from *London*, to see how his little Son throve at Nurse, and after he had put his Horse into the Stable, went into the House, which he found empty, and coming back into the Yard, heard the Cry of a Child; for the quarrellsome Pigs, his Foster Brothers, had got away his Teat; the Father following the Noise, which led him to the Hog-Stye, found his pretty Bantling sucking of the Sow. Strangely amazed at this Sight, he took up the Child without any Hurt, and wrapping him in his Coat, carried him back to *London*, undiscover'd by any of the Neighbours. The Wench, thinking her Dame was now upon Return, made haste Home, and went directly to the Sow to take up the Child, but to her Surprise, could neither find nor discover what was become of him. Not long after, the Nurse came Home, who asking the Girl for the Child, she told her, 'When she was gone, it cry'd so for the Teat she could not quiet it, 'till she went to the Sty, and laid it to the Sow, where she left it, and went about other

Business

Business of the House, and going for it some Time after, she could not find it, nor imagine which Way it was gone. The Nurse, in a sad Fright at this odd Account, ran to search the Hog's-Sty, but could neither find the Child, nor one Rag of the Cloaths; she looked over all the House and Yard, but all in vain, then she went and slyly enquir'd of her Neighbours, but to no Purpose, after all her Endeavours, she could not receive the least Satisfaction. The poor Woman, half out of her Wits, at this strange Misfortune, concluded the Sow had certainly eat up the Child.

In this great Perplexity and Distress considering what was best to be done, to save her own Reputation, and conceal the unhappy Fate of her Nursery from the Parents Knowledge, she at last resolved to kill one of the Pigs, and dress it up like a dead Child, with Flowers and sweet Herbs, ready for the Grave, and send for 2 or 3 of her old Gossips, and tell them her Nurse Child died suddenly in the Night, and so bury it privately; accordingly she pursued her Project the next Day; and towards the Evening the Pig was decently interr'd without any Suspicion.

Thus

Thus far Nurse had succeeded in her Design, but conscious of her own Carelessness and Neglect, which was the Occasion of this Misfortune; she was very much troubled how to discover it to the Father and Mother, both passionately loving the little Infant, and would be very much afflicted with the Death of it. Several Times she had intended to acquaint them with the Loss of their Child, but still put it off from Day to Day; her own Guilt, and the Indulgence of the Parents, deterring her from it.

About a Fortnight after the Father sent a Letter to Nurse to come up to *London*, and bring the little Boy with her; glad she would have been to have excus'd herself from this Journey, but seeing it impossible longer to conceal it, she went accordingly. The Father meeting her at the Door, said, 'Nurse, I am glad to see you; but what makes you look so melancholy? Why did not you bring the Boy along with you? I sent for you on Purpose to bring him, that I might see how the little Rogue did?' Nurse, with a deep Sigh, and wat'ry Eyes, acquaints him with the sudden Death of the little Infant, dear to her as her own Heart's Blood,

Blood. The Father seem'd above Measure concern'd at this doleful News; then inviting her into the House, she gave a second Relation of this tragical Story to the Mother, who counterfeited a Passion suitable to the Occasion.

When they all had acted over their sorrowful Parts, under different Disguises, the Father call'd for *Susan* to come down and fetch a Tankard of Ale for Nurse; and in she came with a young Child in her Arms, which Nurse carefully observing, knew to be the same she had but now reported to be dead and buried. The present Shame she was under for so notorious a Lie, with the Transports of a sudden Joy to see the Child, safe and well, wholly confounded her; nor had she one Thought left her to fashion the least Excuse. But after she had a little recover'd herself, she freely confess'd, 'That imagining the Child really eaten up by the Sow, she had kill'd and bury'd one of the Pigs in the Room of it, well knowing that so unhappy a Circumstance would for ever have blasted her own Credit, and doubled the Sorrow and Affliction of the disconsolate Parents.' But that which was most remarkable was,

markable was, it was observ'd of the Boy when grown up he would never eat of Gammon of Bacon, nor any Hog's Flesh; which the Naturalists gave this Reason for; *That the Sow's Milk had curdled upon his Stomach, which occasion'd his Antipathy,* tho' he ever retain'd a Smack of his Nurse and Pig's-Sty Relations, in his Boorish Manners and Conversation.

*The Thieves too cunning for the Bailiffs :
Or, One Gang of Rogues out-witted by
another.*

AN unhappy Gentleman, who by the thoughtless *Management*, and dilatory *Execution* of his own Affairs, having reduc'd a plentiful Estate to a slender Subsistence, and being highly in Danger of a Judgment, grip'd into the Talons of an unmerciful Miser, thought the safest Measures he could take, in securing himself from the ravenous *Catch-Poles*, (those *Blood-Hounds*, or *Jack-Calls*, who hunt down the Prey for that tyrannick Beast, a *Usurer*) was to quit the Town, and make a general Trial of his Relations in the Country, hoping their flowing Generosity might a little repel the Current of his ebbing Fortune, which must of Necessity
prove

prove otherwise impetuous. His Wife and a Servant he leaves in Town behind him in a House of his own very well furnish'd, being the only Remains of a considerable Patrimony. He had not absented himself from Home above two or three Days, but 30 in the Hundred, by some busy Neighbour, was inform'd of it, who went and enter'd up his Judgment, takes out Execution and dispatches his Emissaries to the speedy Destruction of his Debtor: About this Time, some Thieves having Knowledge of the Gentleman's Absence were contriving which Way to rob the House; to accomplish which, looking about one Evening to make their Entrance and the careless Maid leaving open the Back-door, whilst he step'd to the Bake-House, one of the Rogues slip'd in, having agreed with his Confederates to conceal himself in the House till Midnight, and then to let them in. The Cunningest of the Thieves having proceeded so far as to get safe Footing within Doors, stepp'd up Stairs undiscover'd, and hides himself in an old Chest which stood by the Bed-side in a well furnished Chamber, which no Body lay in: By this Time, the other R---s, the Bailiffs I mean, were got to
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the Fore-door, consulting by what Means they should procure Admittance to serve their *Execution* (whilst the poor Gentlewoman and her Maid were totally ignorant of any Danger) at last they agreed one should knock, and as soon as the Door was open, rush in by Violence, and secure the Door for the rest to follow, which accordingly was done, and their Office executed, to the great Affliction and Surprize both of the Mistress and her Servant. The Rogue (who for Distinction Sake, we must call Thief) above Stairs, who lay as silent in the Chest, as a sturdy *Greek* in the Belly of a *Trojan Horse*, began to be a little startled at the sorrowful Cries and Disturbances he heard below Stairs, thinking himself now not quite so safe as a Thief in a Mill, and opening his Iron-bound Hut (which was indeed made with a Design to keep out Rogues, and not conceal any) he gave his Ears such an Advantage of their Voices, that he made Shift to discover by their Talk, the whole Business, resolving still to execute his Roguery as successfully as the *Liberty-stealers* had done their. So down again, he lay to consider the best Means to effect it with the least Danger. The *Cannibals* below

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below Stairs, according to their usual Civility, turn'd the Gentlewoman and Maid out of Doors, who was forc'd to be beholden to a Neighbour for a Lodging, whilst these Tail-pieces of the Law, who bring up the Rear of Destruction, were devouring the Provisions of the Distressed, who had nothing but Providence to trust to for the next Meal; some of these *Egyptian Caterpillars* at Night went Home leaving two well arm'd to keep Possession, who about 10 o'Clock went to Bed, making Choice of that Room for a Lodging where the honefter Man of the three lay buried in Antiquity, waiting with Patience for the Hour of his Resurrection. About 11 o'Clock he ventures to open the Chest, as far as an Oyfter does his Shell, to receive new Breath, and hearing by their Snoring, they were in a fine Condition for the Devil to fetch them; out he rises from his dark and uneasy Confines, cramp'd and crippl'd like a *London Prentice*, just deliver'd from his *Guild-Hall* Pennance; but stunk as bad as dying Shuff in the Socket of a dark Lanthorn, for fear the prying *Isariots* should have peep'd into his wooden Territories, knowing nothing was more likely, than for one Rogue to catch another:

ther : But being now pretty well past the Danger he creeps to the Bed-side and secures their Arms, which were Swords, and Braces of Pistols, then goes down Stairs, lets in his Confederates, which were Five more, (delivering to them the Particulars of what was past) whose first Business was to Tongue-tie the double-tongued Vipers, who might otherwise prove as dangerous as a Snake in the Grass ; which when they had done, by the Assistance of their Gags, and had bound those unmerciful Hands which had drawn many a poor Wretch to Prison by the Collar, they ransack'd the House, but had so much Mercy, considering the present Circumstances of the Gentleman and the Unhappiness of his Family, that they were contented with a small Booty, consisting only of a little Plate and Linnen, which they sent off by one Man ; the other Five, to revenge the hard Usage of the Gentlewoman and her Maid, took the two Disturbers of Human Quiet, and plac'd them upon each other in the Chest, and having extorted from them before, a Confession of who had employ'd them, the Thieves, like so many Bearers carrying an Alms-House Corps, without the Ornament

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Ornament of either Parson, Clerk, Pall, or Relations, convey'd them to the Plaintiff's Back-door, which, by the help of their Pick-lock Instruments, they open'd; and as careless as our Parochial Supporters of the Dead gave them a Toss from their wearied Shoulders into the Plaintiff's Garden, instead of a more methodical Burying-Place, where they left them as contentedly as our *Corp-Tumblers* do their Brethren of Mortality, when they fly from the Church-Yard to receive the Reward of their Labour. The Gentleman having made a successful Journey, happen'd to return the next Morning, and finding all Things in such a Destruction, conceiv'd by his Wife's Relation of the Matter, he was greatly abused: To regulate which, he makes an immediate Visit to his Money-loving Creditor, (with a Sum in his Pocket to satisfy the Judgment) who gave him a surly, morose, How d' ye? for a Welcome, and afterwards took him in the Garden to Discourse their Business, where they found the Chest, to the great Surprize of both; upon which the Gentleman taxed him with a Confederacy in the Robbery, which the

Maggots

Maggots in the Nutshel hearing, made such a Bustle, that occasioned a great Surprize in both Plaintiff and Defendant, who open'd the Coffer, and found two naked Mutes (who, indeed, never did deserve the Use of either Tongues or Raiment) but being releas'd from their Long Sufferings, and finding were they were, made them concur with the Gentleman's Opinion; and to excuse themselves, were ready to swear the Benefactor was actually in the Robbery; which the Gentleman taking the Advantage of, frighten'd his Creditor, with Threats of Warrant, Constable, Justice, Jury, and a Halter, 'till at last he made him (tho' with Privacy) compound the Felony, by a General Release, and Satisfaction for his Goods. So that by this fortunate Accident, and the Assistance of his kind Relations, he was restor'd to his former Prosperity, and ever since makes this the Motto of his Arms:

Knaves by a Rebound are often bit:

To bite the Biter, is not Fraud, but Wit.

Intrigue

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Intrigue upon Intrigue: Or, the Widow become Mother to her Gallant, and the younger Brother Father to the Elder.

A Brisk, airy Gentleman, belonging to one of the *Inns of Court*, happen'd to make his Courtship to a rich elderly Widow, who had a pretty young Girl to her Daughter, that thought herself as capable of Matrimony as her Mother; when the Gentleman had repeated his Visits often enough to grow a little familiar, he found all the agreeable Encouragements he could reasonably expect from a Person whose Fortune was much superior to his own: But the Daughter looking upon her Mother's humble Servant with more than ordinary Respect, thought it Abundance of Pity so youthful and so handsome a Gentleman, for the Sake of a little Money, should bury his juvenile Years in the Grave of an old Woman, when herself would be very glad to cherish him in the Embraces of a young One. The Gentleman had not long continued his Courtship, but he found sufficient Reasons to suspect, that he had not only work'd himself into the Widow's Love;

Love ; but also into the Affections of the Daughter, and began to consider, that tho' the old Woman was much the better Fortune, yet the Daughter would prove the more agreeable Match, and that what she wanted in Fortune, would be supplied more to his Satisfaction by her Youth and Beauty ; besides, knowing her to be the only Child, thought she must come in at last for the Effects of the Mother, in case that he could but be subtle enough to divert her from Matrimony : Upon these Considerations, he resolv'd to alter his first Resolutions, and only for the future, to make external Courtship to the Mother, in Order to procure more favourable Opportunities of bringing his real Design upon the Daughter to its intended Issue.

The better to carry on his Intrigue without the Mother's Suspicion, he thought it necessary to acquaint his younger Brother with the Business, that now and then, when Occasion requir'd, he might prove an Assistant in the Matter.

After this Manner he proceeded with the old Gentlewoman, till he had stolen reasonable Opportunities enough to convince the Daughter of his Affections
for

for her, and to assure her, that he only pretended Courtship to her Mother, on Purpose to enjoy now and then a lucky Moment of making known the extraordinary Passion he truly had for herself. The younger Brother, who was a notable sharp-witted Gentleman, and a very personal Man, reflecting one Morning in his Bed, upon the foul Practice of his Brother, to gain his Ends by disappointing and deceiving the old Gentlewoman, began to think it could be no Crime in himself to take the Advantage of his Brother's Fallacy, and at once to make his own Fortune, and do Justice to the Widow without hindering his Brother from effecting his Design upon the Daughter.

Accordingly he resolv'd to act a cunning Part, and to neglect no Opportunity of Ingratiating himself with the Mother, that when she became sensible of his Brother's Deceit, he might be ready to supply the Disappointment by the Offer of his own Service ; which he was in Hopes, if rightly manag'd, would be well accepted. The Widow, having great Confidence in the Integrity of her sham Pretender, was mighty respectful

to the Young Gentleman, upon his Brother's Account, so that, in a little Time, he was as familiar in the Family, as the Daughter's Admirer, who all along made his younger Brother acquainted with every Tittle of his Proceedings.

When the elder Brother had work'd the young Lady up to a Compliance, a License was taken out, and the Morning was appointed for the Priest to say Grace to that Love-Banquet, which both long'd for with an equal Appetite. The younger Brother was made Privy to the happy Hour, and engag'd to attend the Solemnity in the Office of a Father, which he perform'd accordingly when the Time came, and smiled in his own Sleeve, to see the matter consummated; which was no sooner over, but he made an Excuse to dispatch a little Business, promising to be with them again at Dinner.

No sooner had he got his Liberty, but away he posted in all haste, to acquaint the old Gentlewoman, what a Dishonourable Trick his Brother, had put upon her, and how undutiful her Daughter had been in complying to be a Partner in so base and treacherous an Intrigue. The Widow, who had never so much as sus-
pected

pected the Integrity of her Gallant, was so amaz'd and confus'd at the Tydings, that for a little Time she was as stark mad as a raving Bedlamite, till her Passion was pretty well spent, and then the young Gentleman, to spur on her Revenge, told her that her Brother's further Design was to divert her, if possible, from Matrimony, in hopes that her own Fortune upon her Death, might descend to her Daughter, so that he should become at last Master of all her Riches, as well as the Fortune already settled upon her Daughter, and that this was the main Consideration that induc'd him to marry her Daughter, after so many Pretensions to herself. This subtle Insinuation so inflam'd her Malice that she vow'd, rather than they should be one Shilling the better for what she had, she would marry a Cobler, or any Rakehell, that she was sure would spend it every Groat. To which replied the young Gentleman, Madam, a Person of your Worth, Comeliness, and Discretion, can never have Occasion to dispose of your self to either a mean Man, or Spendthrift; could you conceive me to be a Person worthy of so great a Happiness, as so good a Wife, I should think it a

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Blessing

Blessing to myself any Family, that you would give it into my Power, to repair that Injury and Dishonour which my Brother has done you ; and I assure you further, Madam, that if you make me your Husband, it will prove a Revenge upon him, a Blessing to me, and I promise you, I will do all that in an honest Gentleman lies, to make it a Happiness to yourself. Well, says the old Gentlewoman, lest Time and Delay should make you prove as great a Knave as your Brother, I will seek out for no other Husband, nor need any further Courtship ; but in the revengeful Mood I am now in, I will run this Minute headlong to be married. The young Gentleman express'd his utmost Joy for her sudden Resolution, so immediately order'd a Coach to be call'd, and away they went, first to take out a Licence, and then to be married the very same Morning, and at the same Church, and by the same Minister who had join'd the former Couple. As soon as the Ceremony was over, the young Bridegroom, by the Consent of the Bride, order'd the Coachman to drive to the same Tavern where the treacherous Pair had provided their Wedding Dinner, and in they pop'd upon them just as

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the first Dish was brought to Table; the Daughter was ready to faint thro' Fear, her Bridegroom bit his Nails thro' Madness; the Mother upbraided the *quondam* Lover with Baseness, her Daughter with Undutifulness; the elder Brother tax'd the younger with Treachery, whilst the greatest Winner smil'd in his Sleeve, to think, that at one lucky Hit, he had made his Fortune. When their Passions, as well as their Victuals, were grown pretty cold, the youngest Bridegroom, who was a Man of Eloquence, made a pleasant Speech, that unriddl'd the whole Mystery, and went so far in the Reconciliation of all Differences, that they sat down to their Victuals, and made one Dinner serve for both Weddings; the elder Brother at last submitting to call the younger Father, and the Mother acknowledging the Elder to be her Son: So that by the Help of Mirth and Wine, they became all Friends; and each liv'd comfortably for the future with their own proper Mates and in Process of Time, hammer'd out such a promiscuous Progeny, that would puzzle the *Herald's Office* properly to distinguish what Relation they were one to another.

The Dying Wife's Revenge: Or, the Husband paid in his own Coin.

A Farmer's Wife, falling dangerously Ill, was very importunate with her Husband that he would grant her the Liberty of making a Will to dispose of her wearing Apparel. The good Man, that his Wife might go out of the World with a safe Conscience, seemed very willing to comply with her Request; and that she might be sure every thing should be bequeathed according to her Desire, he offered to Pen the Will himself according to her own Directions: She thank'd him heartily for this his last Kindness, acknowledging how good a Man he had always been to her, and hoped he would ever Prosper when she was under Ground, for his loving and tender Usage, both to her, and her Children, and so begg'd him to fetch Pen, Ink, and Paper, and she would give him Instructions: Away went the good Man, at his Wife's Request, to muster up the Materials; but, before he returned, had the Wit to consider it was a hard case that her Cloaths, which were very Neat and Good, should be given to a Parcel of Gossips, away from her own Children; and withal formed a Project,

as he thought, so to deceive his Wife, that she might die in Peace: and yet save her Apparel from the thankless Hands of a Parcel of Tipling Tittle-Tattles: When he had thus prepared himself, he returns with the Scribbling Implements to his Wife's Bedside, desiring her freely to impart her Mind, promising, that all things should be performed accordingly; upon which she began her Instructions after the following manner, (*viz.*) *In the first Place, I give unto my beloved Friend and Neighbour Goody Blowzen, my High-Crown'd Hat, and red Petticoat, for she has been always ready to go and come upon all occasions to me and mine.* The good Man instead of mentioning the Benefit, writes *Tittle-Tattle for that*, and then desir'd his Wife to proceed. *In the next place says she, I give and bequeath to my Gammer Dowdy, my Wedding Gown and Smock, for she is a merry Dame, and has made us all laugh at many a Juncet.* The good Man writes again, *Tittle-Tattle for that*, and then desires the next Item. 'Lastly, says she, I give and bequeath my great clasp'd Bible, and my *Whole Dnty of Man*, to my Dame Cantwell, for she is a religious Woman, of whom I have learned more good over a

Jug of strong Beer than ever I did of the Parson for all the Tithes we have given him; and that is all Husband, I desire to dispose of from you.' Very well, replies the good Man, and iinstead of the last *Item* sets down *Tittle-tattle for that*. 'Well, Wife, says he, now all Things are order'd according to your Mind, I hope you will die satisfy'd. Yes, yes, said she, I thank you my dear and loving Husband. I bless God I can give up my Ghost with Peace of Conscience. Pray stick the Will up in the Window, and then you may go and fodder the Cattle.' The good Man, according to his Wife's Direction, left the Paper in the Window, and after he had given her a comfortable Word or two, away he went about his Business. No sooner was his Back turn'd, but in came one of her *Gossiping Legates* to pay her a Visit, who entering the Chamber, thus accosted the Sick Woman, *viz.* 'How d' ye now, Neighbour? I hope by the Grace of God, you find yourself on the mending Hand. No, truly Dame, answers the dying Gammer, I am not a Woman for this World: I find by the Weakness of my Lungs, and the Faintness of my Speech, I have but a short Time to tarry
among

among you. But, however, as you have been my good Friend and Neighbour, I have left you something to remember me when I am gone : My Husband whom you know has always been a kind and a loving Man to me has given me Leave to dispose of my wearing Cloaths among you, and has writ my Will with his own Hand, yonder it sticks in the Window. Neighbour, you, I know, can read written Hand ; if you please to look in it, you may see what a Legacy I have left you.'

With that Gammer Dowdy open'd the unlucky Testament, and discovers the Waggener. ' Alas ! Neighbour, *says she*, your Husband has only jested with you, he has writ down nothing but *Tittle tattle for that, Tittle tattle for that, and Tittle tattle for that*. Has he serv'd me so, *cries the sick Dame*, now I am going out of the World : Pray, Neighbour, stick it up where you found it ; I hope for all this, to live long enough to be even with him : Pray, Neighbour, leave me a little to myself, for I expect my Husband in every Minute, and have something to say to him, that is not proper for any Body to hear.' So the

Gossip shed a Tear or two at parting, and according to the other's Request, took her leave for the present. By and by in comes the good Man, and hobbling up to the sick Wife's Chamber, ask'd her how she did ; who answered, as if she was just expiring, ' Oh ! very bad, not a Woman for this World, and therefore she had two or threedying Requests to him, which she hoped he would particularly observe when she was gone to her last Home. Yes, that he would, to be sure, he most faithfully promised, ' desiring her to speak her Mind freely, that he might know what they were. In the first Place says she, ' I would have you to take particular Care of Son *Robin*, and breed him up to Reading and Writing, that when he is a Scholar good enough, he may be bound Apprentice to a Mercer ; and as for my Son *Ralph*, I would have you breed him up to your own Business, Husbandry, and as for my Daughter *Joan*, I would have you to keep her at Home to milk the Kine, and look after the Dairy; but as to the Red-headed Girl (whom she knew to be her Husband's Favourite, I say, as to her, you need not take much Care, because-----Because what, says

Roger

Roger, in a mighty Passion, ' why not take Care of her? ' Because replies the dying Dame, ' she's none of your's; Adsheartliwounds, cries Roger, none of mine, you wicked Baggage you whose is she then? *Tittle-Tattle for that*, cries the good Wife, *Tittle-Tattle for that Knave*, *Tittle-Tattle for that Cuckold*, and so dy'd.

*Thus we may see at the last Gasp of Life,
How sweet Revenge is to an angry Wife.
If once they're injur'd, slighted, flam'd, or sham'd,
When dying they'll requite us, tho' they're damn'd.
Therefore forbear to vex them, for we find,
Like Bees they wound and leave their sting behind.*

*The Physician's Receipt to cure a Welshman
of a Fever: Or, To kill an Englishman
with the same Medicine.*

A Gentleman of *Wales*, coming fresh off the Mountains to visit *London*, happen'd upon change of Air, to fall dangerously ill of a Hectick Fever. An English Physician being immediately sent for, found his Condition to be very dangerous, and presently order'd him such proper Medicines as are usually administred in such Cases, but all to no purpose; for the Distemper prov'd so very rebellious, that notwithstanding the Doctor proceeded according to the best of Judgment, yet all the

the Physick he prescrib'd him, was wholly ineffectual, till at last, the Patient was reduc'd to so low a Condition, that the Doctor, tho' a skilful Man, quite despair'd of his Recovery, so told the Nurse privately, *That he had done the utmost, according to the Rules of Art, and that all his Visits and Prescriptions for the future would be of little use to the Patient, so that he would now give him up to the Goodness of God, and the Care of herself; for he could not conceive it was in the Power of Physick to save his Life, therefore advis'd her to deal gently by him, and deny him nothing he could eat or drink, that those few Moments he had to spend in this World might pass away under the less Uneasiness;* so took leave of the Nurse, and away he went. No sooner had the Doctor given the Nurse this Liberty but as soon as his Back was turn'd, she began to fondle her dying Patient, and begg'd him to think of something or other, that he believ'd he could eat or drink, and let it be what it would she would get it him presently; at last he lifts up his languishing Eyes, and staring her full in the Face, cry'd out as loud as he could speak, *Toasted-Cheese.* With that she ran to the next Chandler, notwithstanding she thought it

it strange Food for a dying Man, in a Fever, yet she resolv'd he should have it, and accordingly bought a Pound of good old Cheshire, and cook'd it so agreeable to her *Welsh* Patient's Tooth, that he eat it up every Bit, to the Nurse's great Astonishment. She then ask'd him, What he thought he could drink? He told her then, with a much stronger Voice than before, 'A Gallon of Leek-Pottage. The Nurse finding the Toasted Cheese agree so well with her Patient, ran immediately to the Herb-stall for a bunch of Leeks, and brew'd him up a Gallon of *Welch*-Caudle presently, which, as soon, as it was cool enough for his Palate, he drank off, and then turning his Face from the Light, compos'd himself to Rest, and slept heartily till the next Morning, and when he awak'd, was so extreamly mended, that the Nurse had great Hopes of his Recovery. In the Afternoon, the Doctor happening to come that Way in his Coach, gave a Look up at the Chamber, expecting the dead Signal, that is, 'The Windows to be open,' but finding them shut, stopp'd his Coach, and step'd up Stairs to see how Matters went and coming into the Chamber,

ber, found the Patient he had given over but the Day before, to great Admiration getting out of his Bed. The Doctor was perfectly amaz'd at this unexpected Sight, and enquir'd of the Nurse, 'What strange Measures she had taken to recover him? Who very readily told him what an unaccountable Refreshment she had given him. 'Nurse, says the Doctor, very gravely smelling to the Civet-Box of his Ebony-Cane, 'You have done very well: Pray let him have more Toasted-Cheese, and more Leek-Porridge, and I will call again to Morrow, and see how it agrees with him. The Patient liked it so well, that as often as they repeated it he was willing to take it, till in a little time the Welshman was thoroughly recover'd, upon which the Nurse was well paid, and the Physician had the the Reputation of a very wonderful Cure.

In a little Time after this miraculous Success, the Doctor happen'd to have an English Patient exactly in the same Condition; but by all the Rules of Art, by which he govern'd his Practice, he could not administer one Medicine that would abate the Distemper: At last, calling to mind what a wonderful Cure the Nurse
and

and he had lately performed, by Toasted Cheese and Leek Porridge, not knowing but there might be some Occult Quality in the one or the other, more than Physicians were acquainted with, he resolved to make Trial of their Vertues a second time, and accordingly directed the Nurse to administer them to the Patient, whom the Doctor declared was absolutely past Recovery by any other Means. The Nurse thought it strange Advice from a College Physician; but however, it being his Directions, she was resolv'd to observe them; and accordingly provided a plentiful Plate full of Balsamick Cheshire, toasted *secundum Artem*, with much ado, she perswaded her Patient to swallow, after much kecking, and to take a hearty Draught of Leek Pottage after it, to help Digestion. No sooner had the feeble Patient forc'd down both his Doses, but he turned his Face to the Wall, and instead of going to sleep, in less than a Quarter of an Hour he made his Exit; The Doctor coming the next Day to enquire after the Success of his new Medicament, looking up for the old Signal, found the Windows wide open, by which he presently understood, without farther Enquiry

ry, what Condition his Patient was in ; so, altering his Course, plucks out his Pocket Book, and in it makes this Memorandum : ‘ Toasted Cheese and Leek Pottage, a certain Cure for a Welshman in a Fever ; but present Death for an Englishman. *Probatum est.*’

The wilful Drunkard : Or, The Shoemaker made a Cuckold by the Devil.

A Jolly *Crispin* having a confounded Scold to his Wife, happen’d to come Home one Night, at a late Hour very much troubled with a drunken Vertigo in his Noddle : He had no sooner enter’d the Shop, but his angry Help Mate, in a mighty Passion for his Offence, began to spirt out such provoking Messes of maundering Broth, in the very Teeth of her Pot-valiant Spouse, that he swore, ‘ Since he could not be quiet at Home, he would return from whence he came, and spend the rest of the Night, where he could be more easy.’ She still persisted in her termagant Spirit, and very aggravating Words were toss’d backwards and forwards, till at last the Difference grew too great for any present Reconciliation. A Chimney-Sweeper coming by,

by, who had pawn'd his Broom for an Evening's Draught, over hearing their coarse Compliments, stood a little under the Eves to listen to the Fray. The Shoemaker at last grew so highly enrag'd, that he swore he would go out again; and wrenching open the Door, in Spite of his Wife's Resistance, out he went, and away he stagger'd, she bawling after him in these Words, viz. *Go and be hang'd you Rogue, since you will go, and may the Devil go with you?* The Chimney-Sweeper, when he heard the Door open, skuttled away a little before the Shoemaker, and stept up into an Alley till *Crispin* was gone past him; then flinging his sooty Sack which he had upon his Shoulder, over his Head like a Hood, that he might make the more unusual Figure, he trudg'd after the Shoemaker, till he got just upon the Heels of him. *Crispin*, hearing some Body come rattling after him, faced about, and by the Light of the Stars discovered a strange black Monster just at the very Nose of him. 'Who are you?' says the Shoemaker. The Devil, says the Chimney Sweeper. Pray, Mr. Devil, says *Crispin*, What want you with me? Your Wife

Wife sent me after you, *cries the Chimney Sweeper*, to fetch you Home. Home, *cries Crispin*. Pray, Mr. Devil, to which Home, your Home, or my Home? To your own Home, *answers the Chimney-Sweeper*. Then by all the Shoes in my Shop, *says Crispin*, I will not go, except you will first carry my Wife to your Home, and then I'll go Home presently. Done, *says the Chimney-Sweeper*, stay you here 'till I return, and I'll pack her off for you instantly. Done, *cries the Shoemaker*, do you perform your Work, and I'll perform your Word. Away runs the Chimney-Sweeper, to the Shoemaker's House in St. Martin's, knocks at the Door, to which comes the Wife in her Smock, expecting it was her Husband; the Chimney-Sweeper for fear of frightening her, presently discovers himself, and tells her what a Trick he had put upon her Husband, and upon what Errand her Spouse had sent him; and that if she would but first let him make him a Cuckold, he would engage to make him a good Husband for ever after: Upon this Condition the Wife consented, and the Business being done with a Jerk, he gave her Directions how she should manage the Matter, and returned
again

again to the Shoemaker, who waited with great Impatience to hear the Suecess. 'Well, *says Crispin to the Devil, as he thought*, have you done the Business? Ay, Ay, *says the Chimney-Sweeper*, effectually. Therefore make haste Home, for I forgot to shut the Door after me. How did she behave herself, *says Crispin*, did she not scold damnably? Confoundedly, *cries the Chimney-sweeper*, she has already put Hell in an Uproar, and how long we shall be able to keep her there, the L-d knows. Wounds, *says the Shoemaker*, good Devil keep her whilst thou hast her, for if you let her come back again, I shall certainly hang myself.' So bidding each other Farewell, away went *Crispin* with great Joy to his own House, where the Door was left on a Jar, and the Wife stood hid in a Closet above Stairs, according to the Chimney-Sweeper's Directions. *Crispin*, when he had made all fast, took the Candle and went up to Bed, pleasing himself with the Thoughts of the great Kindness the Devil had done him, and sitting himself down on the Bed-side, began to undress, making himself merry with a Piece of an old Ballad, which he thought very applicable to his present Happiness, viz.

I value not Silver or Gold,

*Now I'm rid of a troublesome Evil,
My Wife was a damnable Scold,*

But now she is gone to the Devil.

Upon these Words out bolts his Wife upon him from the Closet, with her Hair about her Ears like a Fury, and her Smock as black with the *Chimney-sweeper* smuggling her, as if herself had been the Devil, crying out, ' You lie you Rogue, I defy the Devil and all his Works. I will make you know, Sirrah, there is never a Devil in Hell can master me, if I am set on't; you may see by my Pickle, I was forc'd to struggle hard to overcome *Satan*, and since I have conquer'd the Devil, I am resolv'd I will master you.' The poor Shoemaker, in the midst of his Jollity, was so sadly cow'd at his Tormentor's Appearance, that he was forc'd to cry *Peccavi*, and acknowledge his Wife to be so good a Woman that the Devil could have no Power over her; so upon *Crispin's* Submission, his Tongue-ceasing Fury put on a clean Smock in order to invite her cozen'd Cuckold to the butter'd Bun which the *Chimney Sweeping Devil* had left him for his Supper, and then tumbled into Bed, where all past Differences

rences were reconcil'd by the matrimonial Peace-Maker.

The Comical Exchange: Or, a Fire-Ship instead of a Maiden-Head.

A Country Gentleman coming up to Town, happen'd to take a Lodging in an Apothecary's House; where he had not resided above a Week, but being an amorous Spark, he fell deeply in Love as he pretended, with the Apothecary's Maid, improving all Opportunities that offer'd, in hopes to decoy the Girl into the like Affection, that their Desires might be mutual. But the Wench being as cunning as she was pretty, was very cautious how she gave him Encouragement, because she had good Reasons to believe, from his manner of Courtship, his Design was only to debauch her. After he had try'd, for some Time, all the soothing Means imaginable, to bring her to a Compliance, but still found her Virtue so impregnable, that all his Sollicitations to that End, were repuls'd with such a modest Contempt, and virtuous Defiance, that he grew almost hopeless of obtaining his Desires; yet

yet at last resolv'd to try Love's powerful Expedient, Gold ; and if he found he could not purchase a Surrender upon reasonable Terms, then to break up his Siege, and utterly desist making any further Efforts, but for the future look upon her as unconquerable.

In Pursuance of his Design, the next Opportunity he had, he renewed his Amours, and to strengthen her Belief of the wonderful Passion he had for her, he told her, ' What mighty Things he would do for her, if she would but condescend to oblige him with her Favours ; and as a present Earnest of his sincere Intention he would present her with that little Purse of Gold, wherein there were Ten Half Guineas, upon Condition she would but promise to be kind to him.' The Girl, wanting no Wit, answer'd him : ' Since she was not to be won with Love, she was not to be purchas'd with Money, and tho' she was but in the mean Circumstances of a Servant, yet she thank'd God she had Honesty enough to resist such a powerful Temptation.' The Gentleman finding she would not swallow the Bait upon any such Terms, press'd her to keep them a Day or two to consider of it,

it, in hopes, when she had once had the handling of the glittering Bribe, she would rather submit than return it. With much Difficulty he at last prevail'd upon her to receive the Gold, with a Promise to give him her Answer the next Day, whether she would heal those Wounds which her Eyes had given, or not.

It happen'd, about two Days before, a young Lady of the Town, who had fired her Tail by an immoderate Resignation of her Favours, had privately taken a Lodging in the same House, that the Apothecary might repair her damag'd Carcass with a gentle Salivation; which the Wench knowing and perceiving Madam to be a proper Person to manage the Intrigue, she acquaints her with all that had pass'd between the Gentleman and her, except the little Purse of Gold; and told her, *That if she would but be so kind as to change Beds with her for one Night, they could put a pretty Trick upon the Gentleman, who was a Rich Country Curmudgeon, and would prove a fat Patient to her Master, who, she was sure, would be well pleased with the Project, and would use her the more kindly for being an Instrument in procuring him so profitable a Patient.* The Lady, who, ever since

since she was able, had been a great Lover of Intrigue, very readily consented. Upon this, the Girl afterwards carry'd herself towards him with a little more Freedom than ordinary, and after he had press'd her to a Compliance with a strenuous Repetition of his former Arguments, she at last seem'd, though with a blushing Countenance to acquiesce with his Desires, telling him, *That she lodged jxst over his Head, and if she could oblige him with any Thing that he thought worth coming up so high for, it should be at his Service; but withal, desir'd him to come up in the Dark, for fear a Candle should glance through some of the Key-holes of the Doors, and cause a Discovery, for that she would have a Light by her Bedside, ready to receive him, but begg'd him not to venture till he was sure all the Family was in Bed.* He promised punctually to observe her Directions, and down Stairs she went about her Business, leaving her Spark under an inexpressible Satisfaction as he thought he had so happily gain'd over such a pretty Innocent. The Maid as well pleas'd as her Lover, soon found a convenient Opportunity to communicate how far she had proceeded to her Lewd Agent, who was glad to re-venge

venge herself of that ingrateful Sex, who had brought her Youth and Beauty into so miserable a Condition and shew'd herself so very forward to play her Part, that the pleasing Foresight she had of the Deceit, gave her Fancy a Titillation. About Ten o'Clock at Night the Lady betook herself to the Maid's Chamber, and the Maid retir'd to Miss's Apartment. When all Things were hush'd and silent, and a proper Season for the Enjoyment was at hand, Madam, by jogging the Chair by the Bed-side, gave the Gentleman beneath Notice, that his dear Beloved, as he thought, expected his Company; he presently slips on his Gown, and opening the Door with as much Caution as a Midnight Thief by soft and gentle Steps he makes his Approaches towards his Happiness, Miss lying all the while very circumspect to watch his Entrance, who at last came sliding in: Upon which *Phillis* immediately pops out the Candle giving him no more Time to look about him, but just to see where the Bed stood, lest he should discern the Difference. No sooner had he fuml'd his Way into Love's Paradise, the Bed, but being ready cock'd and prim'd, he began to be mighty busy about the Maiden-head, which his

experienc'd Bedfellow manag'd with such
 Subtilty that he made no Scruple of his
 being the first Sinner that ever jogg'd on
 that untrodden Way : Her Whispers were
 so soft that her Voice was undiscoverable,
 and her Deportment so very coy, and yet
 inviting, that he did not at all question but
 that was the Beginning of her Corruption.
 The Spark, proud of so glorious a Con-
 quest, repeated over his Joys with Abun-
 dance of Vigour, 'till at last he had so ex-
 hausted his Spirits, that he began to tug
 at the labouring Oar, which his Bedfellow
 finding, entreated him in a soft Whisper,
 to return to his own Bed whilst the Family
 were dead in Sleep, lest by some chance
 Blunder on the Stairs, if he staid while they
 were more wakeful, it should give Cause
 of Suspicion. He having already glutted
 himself with the forbidden Fruit was glad
 to take her Advice, that he might come
 off with flying Colours, so gave her a part-
 ing Kiss, and went groping his Way down
 into his own Chamber. *Phillis* was so
 highly pleas'd that the Project had suc-
 ceeded so well, that she could not sleep for
 laughing in her Sleeve, to think how she
 had pepper'd off the Spark, and made
 him a Partner in her Affliction. A little

before

before Day-light, Madam steals down to her own Bed, and tells the Maid how luckily every Thing had been carried on, according to both their Wishes. The Wench, after her Ears had been tickled with a luscious Account of the whole Proceeding, advanc'd to her own Room, and about the usual Time of her rising, came down Stairs; and upon the first Opportunity she had, acquaints her Master with the whole Intrigue. 'Truly, *says the Master*, I must needs commend thee both thy Wit and thy Honesty; for since he could not be content without a Whore, I think thou didst well to deceive him by one that was a Whore, but however, *says he*, to prevent a Noise in the House, I would advise you to go into the Country to your Mother, 'till I send for you up again, and let none of the Family know any thing of the Matter, and let me alone to manage the Business for the future." The Maid was very glad to take her Master's Council, and packing up a few Necessaries, went privately into the Country. The Gentleman wonder'd that all the succeeding Day he could not see his Love as he us'd to do, the next Day came, and when he called for any Thing, up

came a Sort of a Chair-woman; as soon as he had drest himself, down Stairs he comes into the Shop, expecting to see her frisking backwards and forwards as he used to do, thinking, that her Modesty might make her ashamed to look him in the Face, conceiving that to be the Reason she would not come up Stairs to him. By and by in comes the Master, and after they had bid one another Good-Morrow, *Lord, Sir, says the Apothecary, I have had one of the oddest Things happen'd in my Family, that has perfectly amaz'd me! What is that? cries the Gentleman. Hannah, the pretty Wench, replies the Apothecary, that was my Servant, is gone from me so unaccountably, that I am afraid the poor Girl is come to some Mischief; she went out it seems Yesterday Morning, and has never been heard of since, I am afraid the silly Creature was in Love, and by some Means or other has made away with herself.' This unaccountable News nettled the poor Gentleman sadly, who was apt enough to think the Wench, (reflecting upon the Sin and Folly she had committed over Night) might be induc'd to do something or other that might be the Occasion of her*
Ruin.

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Ruin. This past on for three or four Days, till at last, the Fire which lay smothering in the Gentleman's lower Apartment, began to break out with most astonishing Violence: No sooner had he found that she had burnt his *Pope*, but he presently concluded that to be the Cause of her running away, and that instead of a *Maidenhead*, she had given him for his Five Guineas, a confounded *Clap*, he thought he could not be too early with such a Distemper, and presently communicates his Condition to the Apothecary; telling him, *That modest Mrs. Hannah had done him that Piece of Service, and that now the Cause was plain why she left him so abruptly.* The serious *Fundament-Peeper* made a mighty Wonder at these Tydings, declaring what a positive Opinion he had of her Vertue: *But, says the Doctor, I find we are all Adam's Children, and must have a Bite at the Forbidden Fruit as well as our Parents.* So taking the Gentleman under his Cure, he made a fine Penny of his Country-Chub, e'er he dispatch'd him out of Town; Cured his Female Patient upon easy Terms for her Civility; and then recalled his Maid *Hannah* into her old Service.

The Dead Man's Resurrection: Or, The Judge buried alive in his own Cellar.

ONE of the Judges in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, being in the long Vacation at his Country-House in *Holfworth* in *Suffolk*, happened upon too serious a Reflection on some little Juvenile Miscarriages, to fall into a deep Fit of the *Hypochondria*, insomuch that he fancied himself to be dead, and was so very obstinate under the Influence of his whimsical Distemper, that he would not be persuaded to stir Hand or Foot, or receive any Manner of Sustenance, but by Force, till he had brought his Body into so low a Condition, that had a lighted Candle been in his Belly, his Sides would have proved as transparent as a Lanthorn: In this stubborn Frenzy he lay upon his Back, stretched out at his full Length, like a Corpse, and as motionless as a Stone Figure upon an old Tomb, neither his Physician, nor his Family knowing what to do with him. A famous High German Doctor coming into the Town, attended with a Pack of Fools and Rope-Dancers in order to pick the Country Peoples Pockets of a little Money, hearing

ing of so eminent a Person under this unaccountable Indisposition, took an Occasion the first Time that he mounted his public Theatre, to mention this Matter to his *Country Chubs*, who were giving great Attention to all the Lies he could muster up to his Advantage, telling 'em, ' Their Country Physicians were all Fools, and that the Judge was only troubled with the *Mulligrubs* ; and that if his Lady wou'd send for him, he would undertake to bring him to his Speech, set him upon his Legs, make him walk, talk, eat, drink, piss, shit, or do any Thing in 24 Hours time, or else he would desire nothing for his Trouble : ' This large Promise of the Mountebank was soon communicated to the *Judge's* Lady, who being a tender Wife to her Husband, and willing to try every Thing that might do him good, sent immediately for the *Dutch* Tooth-Drawer, to consult him about the Matter ; who told her positively, ' He could soon cure him, if she would promise he should have a Hundred Guineas Reward, provided he had Leave without Interruption, to do as he should think fit.' The Lady assur'd him, he should have all the Liberty he desir'd to work the Cure, and the Reward he

ask'd when he had perform'd it. Both Parties being agreed, the Doctor sent his Man for a Joiner and a Coffin; as soon as the one had brought the other, up Stairs they went; for the Doctor would not see his Patient before he had got his Tools ready. When every Thing was in Order, in goes the Doctor and the Lady, the rest tarried without till call'd for. No sooner had the Doctor cast an Eye upon his fullen Patient, but that he cries out to the Lady: 'Lord, Madam, what makes you send for a Physician to a Dead Man? For Shame keep him not above Ground any longer. Upon my Word, Madam, he has been so long that he stinks again, and if you don't bury him quickly, the very Scent of his Corps will breed a Plague in your Family. I have had a Coffin in the House some time, *replied the Lady*, but was loth to have him buried too soon, for fear he should come to Life again. By all Means, *says the Doctor*, let it be brought in, and order him to be nailed up with all Expedition. Pray, Doctor, *says the Lady*, do you stay a little in the Room, for fear the Rats should gnaw the Corps, and I'll step and order some of my Servants to bring in the Coffin presently.'

The

The Patient heard all this, but was still too humourfome to break his Silence, by and by comes the Lady, and her Servants after her with the Coffin, who fet it down by the Bed-fide, and then wrapt their Mafter up in a Couple of warm Blankets, and into the Coffin they very orderly laid him, put on the Lid, and made a hammering over his Head, as if they were nailing him up : He endur'd it all without either Word or Motion, and when he was enclos'd they order'd the great Bell of the Church to ring out, that he might think they were bearing him to his laft Home, the Grave ; inftead of which they carry him down into his own Wine-Cellar, where they fet fome Body to watch by him, till a good Supper was got ready ; in the Interim the Doctor order'd his Lady, and her Servants, fo to difguife themfelves in Winding-Sheets, and fuch like Dreffes, that would beft represent a Parcel of Ghofts or Spirits, the Doctor making one amongft them : When they were thus equip'n, the Doctor led the Van of thefe Hobgoblins, and into the Cellar they went, where they alter'd their Voices as much as poffible, and fell into a merry extravagant Chat, concerning the Affairs

of the upper World, rattling the Bottles and the Glasses, extolling their Happiness after Death, and drinking to the Remembrance of those Friends they had left behind. The Cloth being laid, in a little Time, down came Supper, which they fell to with all the seeming Jollitry imaginable.

As they were thus merrily eating and carousing : ‘ What’s the Matter, *says the Doctor*, with that melancholy Ghost, that he does not rise out of his Coffin ? He has been among us this Fortnight, and has not yet gave us any of his Company : Sure he is sadly tir’d with his Journey out of the other World ; for he has a plaguy long Sleep after it : Prithee awake him, and ask him to eat a Bit with us, for he has had no Refreshment since he has been in *Elizium* :’ With that one of the most frightful of the *Spectres*, with a Taper in his Hand, opens the Lid of the Coffin, and hollows in his Ears, *Mag-Dammum, Huggle-Duggle, Deputy-Governor of the lower Regions, desires your Company to Supper with him*. Upon which he raises his Head to the Edge of the Coffin, and beholding such a Parcel of frightful Figures feeding as heartily as so many Plowmen, ‘ Pray,

says

he, do dead Men eat? Ay, and drink too, *says the Doctor*, or how should they live? Then, *says the Judge*, if eating be the Custom of this Country, I will make my Resurrection, and pick a Bit with you.' So they lent him a Hand, and conducted him to a Seat at the Table. 'Truly, *says he*, I am very glad to find that dead Men live so merrily: Well may we live so merrily, *cries the Doctor*, for we live better here without Money than a Man in the other World can for 1000 *l.* a Year, for in short we have every Thing, and that for nothing.' The Judge who was a great Lover of a little Shoulder of Mutton, which his Lady remembring, had got one ready at the Fire, ask'd them, 'If the Country afforded any Mutton? The best *replies the Doctor*, in all the World; here fetch a hot Shoulder presently;' which, by one of the Ghostly Attendants, was done immediately; at which unexpected Sight the Judge was so well pleas'd, that he fell too, and eat heartily. When Supper was over, they drank a chearful Glass to the Memory of all their particular Friends over their Heads, till at last the Patient (being much weaken'd. with his long Fasting) grew very fuddled, so that they

they turn'd him again into his wooden Territories, where he soon fell into a very sound Sleep; during which Time they carried him up into his own Room, and put him again into his Bed, where he rested very well, and his Lady with him, till the next Morning about Day-light, and at last, waking, he began to look about him, very strangely surpriz'd, which the Lady perceiving, cry'd, Prithee, my Dear, what's the Matter with thee? Lord, Love, *says he*, Art thou there? Where are we? In your own Bed, *replies the Lady*, in your own Chamber, in your own House: Where do you think we should be? Then says the Judge I have had one of the most unaccountable Dreams that e'er was heard on: And falls to repeating over all he had seen over Night: Poh, says she, never mind such idle Whimsies, but think of what you can eat for Breakfast. So, up gets the Lady, and provided him something that was comfortable, and from that Time he was recover'd of his Melancholy; so the Mountebank had his Reward, and the Judge sat upon the Bench for several Years after.

*Reason's quite lost, where Melancholy rules,
The wisest Men, we see, sometimes are Fools.*



Poems on Several Occasions.

*To the Dutches of B——n, on her remaining in the
Country this Winter. By Dr. Garth.*

Cease rural Conquests, and set free your Swains,
To Druids leave the Groves, to Nymphs the
In pensive Dales alone let Eccho dwell, (Plains,
And each sad Sigh she hears with Sorrow tell ;
Haste, let your Eyes at * *Kent's Pavillion* shine,
It wants but Stars, and then the Work's divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding Towns,
Of raptive Generals, and protected Crowns :
Of purchas'd Laurels, and of Battles won,
Lines forc'd, Stars vanquish'd, Provinces o'er-run,
And all *Alide's* Labour sum'd in one.
The Brave must to the Fair now yield the Prize,
And *English* Arms submit to *English* Eyes :
In which bright List among the first you stand,
Tho' each a Goddess, or a *Sunderland*.

* *A Gallery the E. of Kent bath built at St. James's,*

To Mr. S——. By Mr. A——.

WHilst crowding Folks with strange ill Faces
Were making Legs, and begging Places,
And some with Patent, some with Merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord ——'s Spirit.
Sneaking I stood amongst the Crew,
Desiring much to speak with you,
I waited 'till the Clock struck thrice,
And Footmen brought up Forty Lies :
But Patience vex'd, and Legs grown weary,
I found it was in vain to tarry ;
And did opine it might be better,
By Penny post to send a Letter,

Now

Now if you miss of this Epistle,
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle,
 My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess
 Is to desire some little Place:
 And fair Pretensions I have for't,
 Much Want, and very small Desert.
 I ne'er writ to you but I wanted;
 I've always begg'd, you've always granted.
 To my old Custom still I'm true,
 For God's Sake don't you get anew,
 But as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my Learning and my Victual:
 And still equipp'd me with Things fitting,
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting:
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at Six or Seven,
 As S—— has left Mount S——n,
 No Family that takes a Whelp,
 When first it laps, and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects, or turns it out of Gate,
 When once 'tis grown to Dog's Estate:
 Nor Parish, if they once adopt,
 The helpless' Barns by Strolers dropt,
 Leave them when grown up lusty Fellows,
 To the wide World, that is, the Gallows:
 No thank them for their Love, that's worse
 Than if they'd throttl'd them at Nurse.
 * My Uncle rest his Soul, when living,
 Might have contriv'd my Means of Thriving;
 Taught me with Cyder to replenish
 My Fats, as ebbing Tides, with Rhenish;
 And when for Hock I drew prsck'd White-wine,
 Swear't had the Flower, and that 'twas Right-wine,
 Or put me with Seven Pounds to Furne-
 val's Inn, to some good Rogue Attorney.

* *A Vintner.*

Where

Where then by forging Deeds, and Cheating,
 I had some handsome Way of getting.
 You made me leave all this to follow,
 The sneaking Whey-fac'd God, *Apollo*.
 Or Folks I'd never seen or knew,
Calliope, and God knows who;
 To add no more Invectives to it,
 You've spoil'd the Youth to make the Poet.
 In common Justice, Sir, sure no Man,
 E'er makes a Whore, but keeps the Woman.
 And amongst all honest Christian People,
 Whoe'er breaks Limbs maintains the Cripple.
 The Sum of all I have to say,
 Is that you'd put me in some Way,
 And your Petitioner shall ever pray.
 There's something more I had almost slip't,
 But that will do as well in *Postscript*.
 My Friend C—— M——'s preferr'd,
 Nor would I have it long observ'd,
 That one Mouse feasts, and t'other's starv'd.

The English Padlock. By Mr. P——r.

THE lovely Dame, when fair and young,
 As *Horace* has divinely sung,
 Could not be kept from *Jove's* Embrace,
 By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass,
 The Reason of the Thing is clear,
 Would *Jove* the naked Truth aver;
Cupid was with him of the Party,
 And acted vigorous and hearty.
 For give that Whistler but his Errand;
 He takes with Lord Chief Justice Warrant;
 Dauntless as Death, away he walks,
 Breaks the Doors opens, snaps the Locks,
 Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study,
 Nor stops 'till he has Culprit's Body.

Since this has been authentic Truth,
 By Age deliver'd down to Youth;
 Tell us, mistaken Husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious? Why so jealous?
 Does thy Restraint, the Bolt, the Bar,
 Make us less Owners, the less fair?
 The Spy, who does the fair One keep,
 Does she ne'er say her Prayers, nor sleep?
 Does she to no Excess incline?
 Does she fly Musick, Mirth and Wine?
 Or have not Gold, and Flattery, the Power,
 To purchase one unguarded Hour?
 Your Care does further yet extend,
 That Spy is guarded by your Friend:
 But has that Friend no Eye nor Heart?
 May he not feel the cruel Dart?
 Which soon or late all Mortals feel:
 May he not with too tender Zeal
 Give the fair Prisoner Cause to see
 How much she wishes she were free?
 May he not craftily infer
 The Rules of Friendship too severe;
 which chain him to a hated Trust,
 which makes him wretched to be just?
 And may not she, this Darling she,
 Youthful and healthy, Flesh and Blood,
 Easy by him, ill us'd by thee,
 Allow this Logic to be good?

SIR, will your Questions never end?
 I trust to neither Spy nor Friend;
 In short I keep her from the Sight
 Of every Human Face — She'll write.
 From Pen and Paper she's debarr'd.
 Has she a Bodkin and a Card,
 She'll prick her Mind. — She will you say;
 But how shall see that Mind convey;

I lock her fast, I keep the Key ;
 The Key — hole — Fool, take that away.
 Dear angry Friend what may be done,
 Is there no way ? There is but one,
 Send her abroad, and let her see
 That all this mangled Mass, which she,
 Being forbidden, longs to know,
 Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
 Powder and Pocket Glass, a Beau,
 A Steeple of Romance and Lies,
 False Fears, and real Perjuries.
 Where Sighs and Looks are bought and sold,
 And Love is made but to be told ;
 Where the fat Bawd, and lavish Heir,
 The Spoils of ruin'd Beauties share ;
 And Youth seduc'd from Friends and Fame
 Must give up Age to want and shame ;
 Let her behold the Frantick Scene,
 The Woman wretched, false the Man ;
 And when the certain Ill to shun,
 She would to thy Embraces run,
 Receive her with extended Arms,
 Seem more delighted with her Charms :
 Wait on her to the park, and play,
 Put on good Humour make her gay ;
 Be to her Vertues very kind,
 Be to her Faults a little blind ;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd.
 And clap your padlock on her Mind.
*Mr. Brown's Petition to the Lords Justices, when he
 was Prisoner for writing a Lampoon on the French
 King, soon after the Peace of Ryswick.*

SHou'd you order Tom Brown
 To be whipt thro' the Town,
 For scurvy Lampoon,
 Tate, Southern, and Crown,
 Their Pens will lay down ;

Even

Even *Darvey* himself, and those merry Fellows,
 Who put all their Trust in Tunes and Twangdillows
 Must hang up themselves, and their Harps on the
 Willows;

For if Poets are punish'd for libelling Trash,
Jack Dryden at Fifty may yet fear the Lash:

No Pension, no Praise,
 All Birch, and no Bays,
 These are not right Ways
 Our Fancies to raise
 To the making of Plays;
 Or Prologues so witty,
 That *jerk* at the City;
 And now and then hit
 Some Friend in the Pit,
 So hard and so pat,
 That he hides with his Hat,

His monstrous Cravat,
 The Pulpits alone
 Can never preach down
 The Fops of this Town,
 Then pardon *Tom Brown*,
 And let him write on;
 Or, if you are willing to convert the poor Sinner,
 His soul railing Mouth you may stop with a Dinner,
 Give him new Cloaths, much Meat, and much Drink,
 Then keep him close Prisoner without Pen and Ink.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

The Whim; Dedicated to the two Pappit Kings, &c.

Mildst pretty Things, and quaint Device,
 Of tiny Children, when void of Vice;
 When Soul, that Particle Divine,
 Does but like Farthing Candle shine;
 While Maid does hold the silly Taper,
 Enwrap'd in Lanthorn made of Paper;
 Which to but just Discernment brings,
 Nor shews the Difference of Things.

So

So glimmers the young dawning Soul,
 Of Nature's pretty little Fool.
 Therefore, as *Cassocks* say, 'tis thought
 Whate'er it does can be no Fault.
 I say, midst Pleasantries of Child,
 Little Machines, and Actions wild.
 Of Cards I've seen the Bauble *take*,
 A superannuated *Pack* :
 The Diamond's sully'd, and the Spade,
 By frequent Use, now dirty made ;
 And only fit to entertain,
 Pretty Conceits of Infant Brain,
 Which scarce as yet within the Skull,
 Is grown to half a Saucer full.
 When Card by Card, the Oaf doth *take*,
 Father, *look* here, what I can *make*.
 And then to *work* he strait doth fall,
 To frame some small *Escorial*,
 Some *Minor Paul's*, or tiny *Coloss* :
 (But Oh, the dismal Fate that follows !)
 First then he for Foundation lays
 A Row of Kings, a Royal Race :
 By them the Sex that's fair and tender,
 Their Spouses of the Fem'nine Gender ;
 The Queen of Hearts the brightest shone ;
 And now the Edifice goes on.
 The Mob with Clubs and Spades are laid,
 Those dy'd the others into Red,
 But highest of all a *Pack* of Knaves,
 The Babe too naturally heaves ;
 Just as in Fortune's Scales we see
 Rogues mounted to Supremacy ;
 There many Pams win all, each *takes*
 The Coin, and sweeps away the *Stakes*.
 Well, now the Structure rises, and
 In gay Sublimity does stand,
 Emblem of Artificial Hand.

}
 }
 But

But ah, the Fate! when just at Roof,
 Behind comes a malicious Puff,
 And down the *Gugaw* Piles do fall,
 As future *Pauls* e'er *Dooms* day shall.
 E'en so with small Things great compare,
Lewis the proud is nought but Air;
 With those that form'd his Grand Design,
 So close, so exquisitely fine;
Richelieu the Leader, *Mazarine*,
Louvois, and *Crosby*, and *Forbine*;
 None with the nicest Subtility,
 Could ought that was miss'd, descry,
 Yet all their mighty Projects die.
 'Twas though a fine, yet airy Web,
 The Torrent now begins to ebb:
 And now the *Louvre* and *Versailles*,
 Th' *Escorial* too, that *Spanish Pauls*,
 Shake at great *Eugene's* Name and Sword,
 Who's sending them another Lord,
 And's like to puff the Babel down,
 The little Boy that wears the Crown,
 With Grand Papa wou'd fain aspire
 High as the *German Bird*, and higher;
 For see the *Spanish Phæton*,
 That dwells i'th Regions of the Sun,
 Has got his Leave of *Gallick Sire*
 To go and set the World on Fire.
 Well, drive on, Coachman and take care,
 To set down, not bring back your Fare.
 The *Don Monsieur*, the *Spanish Beau*,
 When he comes near the fatal *Po*,
 May curse old Daddy's *Allez Vous*.

A Prologue design'd for Tamerlane. Written by
 Dr. G——.

TO Day a mighty Hero comes to warm
 Your curdling Blood, and bid you *Britains* arm.
 To

To Valour much he owes, to Vertue more.
He fights to save, and conquers to restore;
He strains no Text, nor makes Dragoons perswade,
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade;
Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live,
Their Prosperity, is his Prerogative.
His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,
And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.

Such, *Britains*, is the Prince that you possess,
In Council greatest, and in Camp no less,
Brave, but not cruel, wise without Deceit,
Born for an Age, cur'd with a Bajazet;
But you disdaining for to be secure,
Ask his Protection, and yet grutch his Power.
With you a Monarch's Right is in dispute,
Who gives Supplies are only absolute.

The Play-House. A Satyr.

Near to the *Rose*, where Punks in Number flock
To pick up Cullies to encrease their Stock;
A looty Fabrick does the Sight invade,
And stretches round the Place a pompous Shade:
Where sudden Shouts the Neighbourhood surprize,
And thund'ring Claps and dreadful Hissings rise.

Here thrifty R — hires Monarchs by the Day,
And keeps his mercenary Kings in Pay;
With deep mouth'd Actors fill their vacant Scenes,
And drains the Town for Goddesses and Queens.
Here the lewd Punk with Crowns and Scepters grac'd
Teaches her Eyes a more majestick Cast;
And hungry Monarchs with a numerous Train
Of suppliant Knaves, like *Sancho* barve and reign.

But enter in my Muse, the Stage survey,
And all its Pomp and Pageantry display,
Trap-doors and Pit-falls from th' unfaithful Ground,
And Magick walls encompass it around:

On either Side maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
 And intermix'd with Brothel-houses lies.
 Disjointed Palaces in Order stand,
 And Groves obedient to the Mover's Hand,
 O'er-shade the Stage, and flourish at Command,
 A Stamp *makes broken* Towns and Trees entire.
 So when *Ampbion struck* the vocal Lire,
 He saw the spacious Circuit all around,
 With crowding woods, and neighbouring Cities
 crown'd.

But next the Tiring Room survey, and see
 False Titles, and promiscuous Quality,
 Confus'dly swarm, from Heroes and from Queens,
 To those that swing in Clouds and fill Machines:
 The various Characters they chuse with Art,
 The frowning Bully fits the Tyrant's Part.
 Swoln *Cheeks*, and swaggering Belly, *make* a Host,
 Pale meagre *Look*, and hollow Voice, a Ghost.
 From careful Brows, and heavy downcast Eyes,
 Dull Cit, and *thick-skull'd* Aldermen arise.
 The *Comic* Tone, inspir'd by *F—r*, draws
 At ev'ry word, loud Laughter and Applause.
 The mincing Dame continues as before,
 Her Character's unchang'd, and acts a whore.

Above the rest, the Prince with mighty *Stalks*,
 Magnificent in purple *Bushins walks*;
 The Royal Robes his haughty Shoulders grace,
 Profuse of Spangles and of Copper-Lace.
 Officious Rascals to his mighty Thigh,
 Guiltless of Blood, th'unpointed weapon tie.
 Then the gay glitt'ring Diadem put on,
 Pondrous with Brass, and sear'd with *Bristol* Stone.
 His royal Consort next consults her Place,
 And out of twenty Boxes culls her Face:
 The whit'ning first her Ghastly *Looks* besmears,
 All-pale and wan, the unfinish'd Form appears;

Till

Till on her Cheeks the blushing Purple glows,
And a false Virgin Modesty bestows.
Her ruddy Lips the deep Vermilion dyes,
Length to her Brows the Pencil's Touch supplies,
And with black bending Arches shades her Eyes.
Well pleas'd, at length the Picture she beholds,
And spots it over with artificial Molds.

Her Countenance compleat, the Beaux she warms,
With Looks not her's, and spite of Nature, charms.

Thus artfully their Persons they disguise,
Till Fiddlers Flourish bids the Curtain rise;
The Prince then enters on the Stage in State;
Behind, a Guard of Candle snuffers wait;
There swoln with Empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the Dome, and tears his Lungs with Verse;
His Subjects tremble, and th^e Submissive Pit
Wrapt up in Silence and Attention sit,
Till freed at length, he lays aside the Weight
Of publick Business and Affairs of State:
Forgets his Pomp, dead to ambitious Fires,
And to some peaceful Brandy-Shop retires,
Where in full Gills his anxious Thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the Care that waits on Crowns.

The Princess next her painted Charms displays,
Where every Look the pencil's Art betrays:
The callow Squire at Distance feeds his Eyes,
And silently for paint and patches dies.

But should the Youth behind the Scenes retreat,
He'd see the blended Colours melt with Heat,
And all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat.
The borrowed Visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every Charm he lov'd before.
So the same Spear, for double Force renown'd,
Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.

In tedious Lists, 'twere endless to engage,
And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage:

Were

Where one for twenty Years has given Alarms,
 And call'd contending Monarchs to their Arms :
 Another fills a more important Post,
 And rises every other Night a Ghost ;
 Thro' the cleft Stage his meagre Face he rears,
 Then stalks along, groans thrice and disappears.
 Others with Sword and Shield, the Soldier's Pride
 More than a thousand times have chang'd their side }
 And in a thousand fatal Battles dy'd.

Thus several Persons several Parts perform,
 Pale Lovers whine, and blust'ring Heroes storm,
 The stern, exasperated Tyrants rage,
 'Till the kind Bowl of poison clears the Stage ;
 Then Honours vanquish, and Distinctions cease,
 And with Reluctance haughty Queens undress :
 Heroes no more their fading Lawrels boast.
 And mighty Kings in private Men are lost :
 He who such Titles swell'd, such powers made proud,
 To whom all Realms, and vanquish'd Nations bow'd,
 Throws off the gawdy plumes, the purple Train,
 And is in *Statu quo* himself again

*A Prologue : Spoken by Mr. P——n, supposed to be
 press'd and haul'd in before the Curtain by a Couple
 of Press-Constables.*

WELL, Master Constable, I must, you say,
 Go kill *French* Cowards for a Groat a Day ;
 But why such rugged Violence as this ?
 D'ye break Mens Noddles to preserve the peace ?
 Truly, rough Sirs, I cannot think 'tis fair,
 To turn pacifick Staves to Clubs of war :
 'Tis truly you have made me by Experience know,
 Power, when provok'd, can give a deadly Blow.
 I'm press'd, you say, but I believe oppress'd
 Yet wrongs like these are hard to be redress'd ;
 And the first speedy End proves always best,

}
 The

The readiest Ways to bribe off my Restraint,
Here, Gentlemen, I know what it is you want.

The Constable takes the Money and goes off.

Your Servants, Sirs, by this the world may see,
How scoundrel Knaves abuse Authority,
Chose into Power from Garrets, Bulks and Stalls,
Advanc'd to Staves from Thimbles and from Awls,
From vamping Shooes, and mending knitty Jackets,
To cheat the Crown, and pick the Subjects Pockets

The weak they haul to Arms because they're poor,
Unfit by Nature for the Toils of war ;

But quit for Bribes the Hardy and the Strong,
Protect themselves and do their Betters wrong :

Surprize the fearful, squeeze them till they bleed,
And when their palm is daub'd, the Vagrant's freed,
Whilst more industrious Men supply their Room,
Whose Hands would prove more useful here at home.

Thus by ill Usage many Feuds create,
Oppress the people, and deceive the State.

As for my part, I am unskill'd in Jars,
And hate the Tragick Scenes of bloody wars :

You, Gentlemen, who wait to see our play,
All know my Talent lies another way.

I am a Soldier for the Queen, adsheart,
One Clap of Train'd Band Thunder makes me start.

I'd fain be reconcil'd to Death, but can't,

The very thoughts of fighting makes me to faint.

Not but I know it is of great Renown,

To serve our Native Country, or the Crown :

Besides, with rural Damsels, I confess,

A scarlet Coat is a most glorious Dress.

The very Colour dazzles Female Eyes,

And takes the Heart unguarded, by Surprize ;

You, who with Honour wear it, often find,

It makes the bashful Country Maid prove kind :

Who could perhaps before resist Love's Pow'r,
 And keep her Heart in all Attacks secure;
 Laugh at her Lover's Sighs, despise his Tears,
 But Venus must submit when Mars appears

Faith, now I think on't, I can tell you how
 The State might quickly raise brave Men enow;
 Would you but find some gentle means to press
 Those charming Ladies, who our Audience grace;
 Should such bright Stars in the next Campaign ap-
 (pear,

You generous Gentlemen assembled here,
 Would need no Press, but all run Volunteer.

Such beauteous Troops new Wonders would afford,
 And vanquish with their Charms beyond their Sword.
 You only, (Ladies) so divinely bright,
 Who wound with Mercy, conquer with Delight,
 Can the vast Glories won at Hockstedt blast,
 More Captive take, subdue with greater Haste,
 And with your Eyes gain mightier Vict'ries than
 (our last.)

Enjoyment the End of Love.

(day,
NO, no, 'tis not Love, you may tal^l 'till Doom's-
 If you tell me it's more than meer Satisfaction,
 I'll never believe a Tittle you say,

Tho' Baxter and Oats were the Heads of your
 (Faction.

The Poets were therefore a Number of Owls,
 To make such a Stir with a Baby-fac'd God;
 'Tis only Priapus that scares the wild Fowls,
 That rules with a far more Scepter-like Rod.
 'Tis true, he may sometimes be shrewdly put to't;
 But the Bow and the Arrow are surely his Due;
 Only thus, when his Arrows are ready to shoot,
 They make the more pleasing wound of the two,
 'Twas

'Twas he that was the Father of all the Graces,
For he's the Beginning and End of our Wooing;
Your Smiles and your Glances, and wanton Grimaces,
They all too but end in Handling and Doing.

When a Man to a Woman comes creeping and cring-
(ing,

And spends his Raptures on her Nose and her Eyes,

'Tis Priapus inspires the talkative Engine,

And all for the sake of her Lilly white Thighs:

Hence they that in Face find Coral and Rubies,

Pearls, Diamonds & Gold, more bright than the Sun,
Notwithstanding all this, these Poetical Boobies,

Despise all that Pleasure, if further she's none.

Your Oaths, Protestations, and Vows to the Dame

Ask Solon, Lycurgus, both learned and smart;

They'll tell you the Place from whence they all came

Is half a Yard almost below the Heart.

There's nothing but Vertue the Object of Love

Not Beauty, nor Colour, Love minds in the least,

They're only the Objects of Pleasure, by Jove;

Where the Altars desire, Priapus High-Priest.

Now if she be rich, 'tis the Portion you'd have;

Or a Coach and fine Cloaths her Love to encour-
But alas, if either do either deceive, (rage

Love presently cools like a Mess of Peas-pottage.

Then if this be your Love, the Devil take Love,

When Self-satisfaction is all the Design;

But let me love that which all Men approve,

An Angel in Purse, and a Glass of good Wine.

The poor Layman's Resolution in difficult Times.

ALL in Amaze at what is past, I stood (good,
Doubting within myself, what's bad, what's
Surpriz'd at this so strange and sudden Turn,
At which such Numbers joy'd, so few did mourn:
Where am I now? thought I, What have I past
So long in Truth's plain path, and now at last,

After a Race of fifty years and more,
Doubt that same Truth that good Men own'd before,
Away, away—

That Lawful Kings God's own anointed are,
And have from him those Royal Crowns they wear,
From him their Sceptre, and from him their Sword
Are truths dispers'd throughout the sacred word.
That calls them Gods, and bids us them obey,
And all due Rev'rence to their persons pay.
That bids us not resist, and if we do,
Declares we break those Laws we should pursue ;
If Kings command what's ill, we must in short,
Not do't, because 'tis ill, but suffer for't.

Now tell me learned Guides, if this been't true,
And if it be, what will become of you ?
Your Reverend Clergy, who hath heretofore
With the same Doctrines made your pulpits roar,
And boldly to the world in print made known,
That 'tis the Scripture's Sense, as 'twas your own,
Your own, till that surprizing turn of State
Happen'd so much to England's Joy of late.
Your own, till that new trial came, and then.
Though call'd Divines, you shew'd yourselves but
(Men ;
When you like truth's bold Champions should have
(stood,

And to the last those sacred truths pursu'd ;
How tamely you the Holy Cause forsook,
And taught new Doctrines from the self-same Book.
Good God, what fears, what thirst of wealth will
(do ?

Even among such Holy Men as you.

Poor me, what shall I do ? what shall I say ?
Where shall I go, when these our Guides thus stray ?
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But Heaven be prais'd, they are not tainted all,
Some yet remain that have not bow'd to *Baal*,
Whose Praises for a Muse more lofty call:
But let them stray that will, I'll keep the Road,
And tread the Steps our late Forefathers trod;
I'll fear my God, honour my Queen or King,
And meddle not with them that Changes bring.
Fixt on a Rock, I'm sure I firmly stand,
Let Storms now rage by Sea, or war by Land.
Here then I'll fix, here shall my Centre be,
And let the world turn which way 'twill for me,
Lord, keep me, for I wholly trust in thee.

*On the melting down the Plate: Or, The
Silver Piss-Pot's Farewell.*

MAids need no more their silver Piss-pots scowr,
They now must jog like Traitors to the Tower,
A quick Dispatch, no sooner are they come,
But every Vessel there receives its Doom;
Condemn'd by Law to take his fiery Trial,
A Sentence that admits of no Denial.
Presumptuous Piss-pot, how didst thou offend?
Compelling Females to their Haunches bend;
To Kings and Queens we humbly bow the Knee,
But Queens themselves are forc'd to cringe to thee.
Make the Maids cringe, and with a straining Face,
They cease their griefs by opening their Case:
In time of Need they do thy Help implore,
And oft to ease their Ailments make thee roar.
Under their Beds, till now, thou hast been conceal'd,
And ne'er but on Necessity reveal'd.
When over-charg'd, and in Extremity,
Their dearest Secrets they disclose to thee.
Long like a Prisoner hast thou been confin'd,
But Liberty for thee is now design'd,

Thou whom so many Beauties have enjoy'd,
 Now, in another Use must be employ'd:
 Be handed with Delight about each Day,
 And occupied a far more decent Way.
 But crafty *Workmen* must thee first refine,
 And purge thee from the Sodder and the Brine,
 When thou'rt transform'd into another Shape,
 'Twill make the world rejoice at thy Escape.
 Who from the Mint in Triumph shall be sent,
 New coin'd and mill'd to every Hearts Content.
 Welcome to all then proud of thy new Vamp,
 Bearing the Pass-port of the Royal Stamp.
 You'll pass as current, pleasant, and as free,
 As that which has so oft pass'd into thee.

The Piss Pot Coined.

Since Piss-pot, I to Coin am run,
 I shall no more be piss'd upon;
 For he is of Republick Race,
 That dares to piss in Monarch's Face.
 And on the other Side, 'tis worse,
 The sacred Cross is my Reverse!
 The Jacobite can't do me wrong,
 He hasn't a Cross to piss upon:
 And if these Times continue still,
 The Lord above knows when he will.

A Satyr against Brandy.

Farewel damn'd *Stygian* Juice, that doth bewitch
 From the Court-Bawd, down to the Common
 (Bitch:

Thou liquid Flame, by which each fiery Face
 Lives without Meat, and blushes without Grace:
 Sink to thy Native Hell, to mend the Fire;
 Or, if it please thee to ascend yet higher.
 Go to that dull lewd Clime from whence you came,
 Where Wit and Courage do require your Flame,

Where

Where they carouse in your *Vesuvian* Bowls,
 To dry the Quagmire of their spongy Souls.
 Had *Dives* for this scorching Liquor cry'd,
Abraham in Mercy had his Suit deny'd.
 Had *Bonner* known the Force, the Martyrs Blood,
 Had silt in thee, and sav'd the Nation's wood.
 Essence of Embers, Scum of melting Flint,
 With all their Native Sparkles floating in't.
 Sure the *black* Chymist with his Cloven Foot,
 All *Etna's* Simples in one Limbeck put,
 And double-still'd, nay, quintessenc'd thy Juice,
 To Charcoal Mortals, for his future Use.
 Fireship of Nature that doth doubly wound,
 For they that grapple thee, are burnt or drown'd;
 God's past and future Anger breathes in you
 A Deluge, and a Conflagration too.
 View yonder Sot, I dont mean Sheriff *Shute*,
 Grissled all o'er by thee from Head to Foot;
 His greasy Eyelids shor'd above their Pitch;
 His Face with Carbuncles and Rubies rich:
 His *Skull*, instead of Brains, supply'd with Cinder;
 His Nose turns all his *Handkerchiefs* to Tinder;
 His Stomach dont confest, but *bake* his Food;
 His Liver ever vitrifies his Blood;
 His Guts from Nature's Drudgery are freed,
 And in his Bowels Salamanders breed;
 His trembling Hand scarce heaves the Liquor in;
 His Nerves all *crackle* under his *Parchmant Skin*.
 The moving Glass house lightens with his Eyes,
 Singes his Cloaths, and all his Marrow fries,
 Glows for a while, and then in Ashes dies. }

But stay, lest I the Saints dire Anger merit
 By *striking* their Auxiliary Spirit;
 I am inform'd, whate'er we Wicked *think*,
 Thou'rt reform'd, and turn'd a godly *Drink*:

Thou'lt left thy old bad Company of Vermin,
 The swearing Chairmen, and the drunken Carmen;
 The foul-mouth'd Drivers of the Hackney Coaches,
 And now tak'st up with sage discreet Debauches.
 Thou freely drop'st upon Gold Chains, and Fur,
 And Sots of Quality thy Minions are;
 No more shalt thou foment an Ale-house Brawl,
 But the less sober Riots of *Guildhall*;
Where by the Spirit's fallible Direction,
We Reprobates once poll'd at an Election.
 If this Trade hold, what shall we *Wicked* do?
 The Saints sequester, even our Vices too.
 But since the Art of whoring's grown precise,
 And Perjury has got demurer Eyes:
 Tis Time, high Time to circumcise the Jill,
 And not let Brandy be Philistine still.

On a Bowl of Punch. A Poem by Capt. Radcliff.

THE Gods and the Goddeses lately did feast
 Where Ambrosia with exquisite Sauces were
 The Eatables did with their Qualities suit, (drest,
 But what they should drink did occasion Dispute:
 Twas Time that old Nectar should grow out of
 (Fashion,
 For that they drank long before the Creation.

(the Board,
 When the Sky colour'd Cloth was remov'd from
 For the Christalline Bowl great *Jove* gave the word,
 This Bowl was of large and most heavenly Size,
 In which they did use Infant Gods to baptize.

Quoth *Jove*, we're inform'd they drink Punch upon
 (Earth,

By which mortal *Wights* quite outdo us in Mirth:
 Therefore our wise Godheads together let's lay,
 And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.
 Twas spoke like a God—Fill the Bowl to the Top,
 He's cashier'd from the Sky, that shall leave but a
 (Drop.

Apolio

Apollo dispatched one of her Lasses,
A Pitcher to fill at the well of *Parnassus*;
To Poets new born, this Liquor is brought,
And this they suck in for their first Morning's
(Draught.

Juno for Lemons sent into her Closet,
Which when she was sick she infus'd into Posset:
For Goddeses may be as squeamish as Gypsies,
The Sun and the Moon we find have their Eclipses;
The Lemons were call'd the *Hesperian* Fruit,
When vigilant Dragon was set to look to't.
Three Dozen of those were well squeez'd into Water,
The rest o'th' Ingredients in order came after.

Venus the Admirer of Things that are sweet
Without whose Infusion there had been no Treat,
Commanded her Sugar Loaves white as her Doves,
Supported to the Table by a Pair of young Loves,
So wonderful curious these Deities were,
The Sugar she strain'd thro' a Sieve of fine Hair.

Bacchus gave Notice by dangling his Bunch,
Without his Assistance there could be no Punch;
What he meant by the Signal was very well known
So they threw in two Gallons of trusty Langoon.

Mars, a blunt God, tho' the chief of the Biskers,
Was seated at Table, still twirling their whiskers;
Quoth he, Fellow Gods, and Celestial Gallants,
I'd not give a Fart for your Punch without Nantz.
Therefore, my Boy *Ganymede*, I do command ye
To throw in at least two Gallons of Brandy.

Saturn, who of all the Gods was the oldest,
And we may imagine his Stomach was coldest;
He out of his Pouch did three Nutmegs produce,
Which when they were grated were put to the Juice.

Neptune this Ocean of Liquor did crown,
With a Sea-Bisket bak'd very hard in the Sun.

The Bowl being finish'd, a Health was began,
 Quoth *Jove*, let it be to our Creature, call'd Man.
 'Tis to him alone that we these Pleasures owe,
 For Heaven was never true Heaven till now.

*Written by a French Protestant, upon the
 Trophies marching thro' the City.*

TIS a very fine Sight, I myself will allow it,
 And am heartily glad I'm alive here to view it.
 And what are become of those brave Men of Might,
 Who supported these Standards and Colours in Fight
 Why truly, say you, they are most to be found,
 Gone to sleep on the cold Bed of Honour, the Ground.
 E'en there let them lie undisturb'd in their Slumber,
 I am very well pleas'd I am none of their Number.
 'Tis true, for their King and their Countrymens Good
 Their Colours we see they have stain'd with their
 (Blood:

Yet I am not vext there is none of mine there,
 Cause I never could find I had any to spare.
 To part with my Blood, is to part with my Life,
 I had rather by half lose my Children and wife:
 For he's the most prudent that always takes Pains,
 To preserve it within the old Channels, the Veins.
 That old *English* Proverb I wisely rely on,
 A living Dog's better than any dead Lion.
 For when a Man's kill'd to his Country he's lost,
 And signifies then not so much as a Post;
 Then who that has Brains would appear such a Sot,
 As to have them knock'd out for he does not know
 (what?

'Tis true, when we're gone, it perhaps may be said,
 We were brave, but that's nothing to him that is
 (dead.
 I

I blefs my *kind* Stars I am rofted fo fafe,
That whilft all Countries fight, I can *work* on and
(laugh.

From the Tyrant of *France* we remain here fe cure,
And *England* wont truſt us in Arms to be ſure.

Therefore I in Quiet can reſt in my Bed,
Whilſt the Subjects of *France* do in Numbers lie

(dead,

And the *Engliſh* are haul'd to be knock'd on the Head.

Upon a Mercenary Lawyer. A Poem.

A Cunning Lawyer that had wit at will,
Can *make* a bad Cause good, and a good one ill.
The Golden Fee alone is his Delight,
Tis that which tempts him to oppoſe the Right,
And with learn'd Arguments the wrong embrace,
To give an unjuſt Cause a righteous Face.
Juſtice he baffles by his powerful Senſe
And gains upon the Bench by Eloquence.
Confounds the Court by ſome myſterious *Querk*,
And leaves both Judge and Jury in the *Dark*;
Juſtice he ſtaggers, and can prove by Law,
That undisputed Right that has no Flaw,
Without Poſſeſſion, is not worth a Straw.
As Times do change, ſo alſo do our Laws
And what was good may prove an unjuſt Cause.

For Inſtance.

Should ſome bold Rebel over turn the State,
To raiſe himſelf into the Royal Seat;
And Treason proſper, as in *Cromwell's* Caſe,
All Things in Courſe ſhould have another Face.
Should *Hobbs's* Principles of Power and Might,
Be allow'd a ſtanding Rule for Legal Right,
Then Law and Goſpel we may bid Good-night.

Who

When Nature is revers'd, and in a word,
All Truths are measur'd by the longest Sword,
Jure Divino is not worth a T——d.

Cook's charging *Charles* the First with trayt'rous
Was in Compliance to those pious Times, (Crimes,
Twas for my Fee, said he, why try'd for Treason,
That made me plead against both Law and Reason,
He only as a Council in the Cause,
Did for his Client strive to strain the Laws.

Tho' Princes and People of three Kingdoms bleed,
What is't to us how Matters do succeed?
Gold is our God, and for our own God we plead.
Great is *Diana*, chaste, and all divine,
Demetrius cry'd, that made the golden Shrine,
By that he got his wealth, and it is plain
Those Gods are most ador'd that bring most Gain,
Wealth's the world's Idol, to it all Men bow,
And if we gain it, 'tis no Matter how.

Should an Act pass to cancel all our Creed,
What sable Crowds for such a Law would plead,
Provided in the Case we were well fee'd.

For Right and wrong are always understood,
To be or not to be for Publick Good;
He never yet was wrong that did prevail,
And none was ever right that chanc'd to fail;
For tis a Rule in Law, That Power and Might,
Are the best Judge of wrong and Right;
For they can crush Mankind into Obedience,
And quite transfer our Faith and true Ailegiance.

The Priest's Tithe pig, with what we call a Fee,
Is much the same, so they as well as we
With this Eternal Maxim do agree,
When Kings and Things are chang'd by Providence
No Law is binding in the Scripture Sense,
But Subjects may with sacred Oaths dispense.

So

So says a Casuistical Divine ;
 And in that Issue by Consent we join ;
 Let who will get or lose, so we are paid.
 For both professions are become a Trade.
 And him we follow most, and most believe,
 That has the greatest Cunning to deceive.
 Therefore since Lawyers plead, and parsons cant,
 On any side that best supplies their want ;
 I'd have the greedy world think wiser on it,
 And always hug the Cause that brings most profit.

Epigrams and Whims.

A Prophecie. written by a certain Knight.

When Tukesbury Mustard shall travel abroad,
 And die in a Land without Magpy or Toad ;
 And the Sauce of the Veal, joining three to a Lyon,
 Shall devour a Fish, the pig-nag of Arion.
 The Lillies shall try to swim over the ferry,
 Where they shall be met with, and drown'd by a
 (Cherry.

The Children of *France*, with famine oppress'd,
 Will rejoice at a Crust, as a Man at a feast.

The Answer. Suppos'd to be writ by Mr. D——n.

When the last of all Knights is the first of all
 (Knaves,
 And the best of all Pimps is the worst of all Braves ;
 When a Coward is Dubb'd for not fighting but
 (Feeding

And a Lubberly Brute is preferr'd for his Breeding,
 When a Medal and a Chain is bestow'd on a Hog,
 Who deserves more a Rope than ever did Dog ;
 When prophecies are coin'd by a drunken Buffoon
 Whose chief Talent lies in a harmless Lampoon ;

When

When a black Rod is given to a bold brazen Face,
 What Beast may not hope at White-Hall for a
 (Place?)

Then England beware of the Conduct of France,
 Lest her Dauphin should lead the Lyon a Dance,
 And her Children shall laugh that her Breast is so full
 Whilst thy proud Navy-Royal lies sucking a Bull.

On Captain P——r's Evidence.

When Heaven to shew us Mercy was inclin'd,
 Judas betray'd the Saviour of Mankind,
 So P——r, by a pious Treachery,
 Preserv'd his King, and set his Country free;
 Both did but in a different Shape, trapan,
 One hang'd his Master, th' other hang'd his Man:
 If for his Fact P——r's so highly priz'd,
 In faith we'll have Iscariot canoniz'd.

A Lover to his Fat Mistress without Stays

Pray charming Silvia, do not think you raise
 My modest Passion by your Want of Stays;
 I do not for your dangling Breasts adore you,
 That hang like new-milk'd Udders down before ye.
 Or do I in those flabby Sides take pride,
 That do your Apron strings in wallups hide,
 You look like one from Vertue's Bonds just freed,
 Whose Dress declares you little Courtship need;
 If so, at one Request, your Favours grant,
 And please yourself with what you seem to want.
 But if you think my jealous Eyes to please,
 And would be gently conquer'd by Degrees,
 Raise my Esteem, and make me speak your Praise,
 Pray hide the Slut and put on now your Stays.

The Town Lady to her young Admirer.

AWay young Fool, give all thy Flatt'ries o'er,
 I'm neither Saint, nor Angel, but a whore;
 If thou'rt in Love, and wounded art with me,
 I'll prove thy kind Physician for a Fee.

If thou hast any fond Desire to do't:
 Be generous at once, and let's go to't:
 Fine words and Compliments ne'er reach our Hearts:
 We're seldom wounded but with Golden Darts. ✓
 No Cupid's Arrows can our Breasts annoy,
 His Mother guards us from the foolish Boy:
 Money's alone the God that makes us kind, ✓
 For that we give up all you Men can find:
 For Gold we shew you all Love's pleasing Crotchets,
 But shut our Legs to those that close their Pockets.

Against Honesty. By the late Lord R——r.

NAY Honesty's against all common Sense,
 Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence.
 Nor shall weak Truth thy Reputation save,
 The Knaves will all conspire to call thee Knave.
 Wrong'd thou shalt live, still injur'd and oppress'd,
 Who durst be less a Villain than the rest.

*The Curse of a young Lady compelled by her Parents
 to marry an Old Man.*

DAmn'd may she be, nay, double damn'd, that first
 For Int'rest wedded Age, may she be curs'd
 With all the plagues a woman's Rage can vent,
 And when we curse I'm sure they are well meant;
 May she be lewd to Excess, proud but yet poor,
 And none supply her Lust when she turns whore.
 Then may she pine to Death for her ill Luck,
 'Cause Age her cannot, Youth her will not —

*Spoke by a Servant Maid in the Church, doing Pen-
 nance for Defaming her Mistress.*

HERE do I stand according to Law,
 Compell'd to deny what mine own Eyes saw,
 His Breeches were down, her Belly was bare:
 If he did nothing, what did he do there?

Villeroy's

Villeroy's *Mishap*. To the Ladies.

BY Villeroy's Mishap learn to be wise,
Ne'er think yourself secure from Night's Sur-
(prize:

Tho' from Ramparts you do defy the Foe,
Eugene will find an Aquaduct below.

Out of Ovid.

DOnec eris faelix multos numerabis Amicos,
Tempora si fuerint Nubila, solus eris.

Englis'd by the same Hand.

WHile Fortune keeps thee warm,
Then Friends about thee'll swarm,
Like flies about a Honey-pot,
But if on thee she frown,
And cast thee down,
Lie there and rot.

In Ælium. Mart. Ep.

SI nemini fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia dentes,
Expuit una duos tussis, & una duos;
Nunc securo potes toties tussire diebus,
Nil istuc quod agat tertia tussis habet.

Thus Englis'd by T. B.

WHEN Gammer Gutton first I knew,
Four Teeth in all she reckon'd;
A Cough unlucky whips out two,
And t'other two a second:
Courage, Old Dame, and never fear,
For if the third Cough comes,
Give me but t'other Jug of Beer,
And I'll secure thy Gums.

*The Seaman's Love Letter from plymouth to his Mi-
stress in wapping.*

Dear Madam,

MY long Consideration
Of the great Reputation

You

You have in this Nation,
For your good Education,
Which moves Admiration,
With another Qualification:
Which has kindled Love's Passion,
In some of high Station,
Gives me Invitation,
And a strong Inclination,
Upon my Salvation,
To become your Relation,
That by honest Friction,
I mean Copulation,
Without Fornication,
I may give you Demonstration,
Of the great Estimation
I have for the Occupation
Of your Place of Titillation,
So I give Intimation,
That I am making Preparation,
By a speedy Navigation,
To a nearer Situation,
To pay you Adoration,
For the Sake of Conversation;
And if this my Declaration,
By your kind Acceptation,
Should find Approbation,
Twill impose on Obligation,
without Dissimulation,
From Generation to Generation,
So hoping for Consolation
Upon the Consummation,
Of the work of generation,
I am yours by Protestation,

John Jenkins.

A Piece of Country Woman's Poetry, spoke Extremepore, on her cheapening a Shoulder of Mutton of one Bennet, a Butcher, who asking her an extravagant Price she made the following Reply.

INdeed Goodman *Bennet*, on this Day Sennight,
 I bought a Shoulder of Mutton,
 Of Goodman *Brown* of our Town,
 No better could Knife be put in :
 I wish I may never stir from hence,
 If I am about to tell you a Lye,
 It cost me no more than Fourteen Pence,
 My Son may be witness, for he was by.
 May G—d forgive me if I think amiss,
 Twas every whit as good as this.

You will pay for your Peeping.

HER Eyes, like Diamonds, without a Flaw,
 Black, shining, sparkling, such as mine ne'er
 Flee, gazing Lovers, from the Danger flee, (flaw.
 They strike, they wound, they murder all they see :
 No Magazine was e'er so full of Darts,
 Enough to pierce a thousand thousand Hearts.

The Admiration ceased.

WHen I was young, and Passion bore the Sway,
 And forc'd my weaker Reason to obey,
 I fancy'd Joys which never could be found,
 But on *Parnassus* Hills, the Poet's Ground ;
 Woman appear'd to me all o'er Divine,
 And did with more than mortal Beauty shine ;
 Pusht on by Love, that youthful Vanity,
 I the Adorer was, the Goddess she.
 But Time, that withers every charming Grace,
 And gives to all Things a declining Face,
 Has at last worn out the Idolatry,
 Ungoddes'd her, and unbesotted me.

To one who desired to borrow a Horse.

RIGHT Worshipful Frank,
 I humbly thee thank,
 For thy Kindness received of late,
 Ingratitude sure,
 I cannot endure,
 Tis a Vice that I utterly hate ;
 I hear you provide
 A Journey to ride,
 If any would lend you a Gennet ;
 I protest before G—d,
 Mine are all gone abroad,
 And wont be at Home this Sennight ;
 But yet my kind *Francis*,
 If that it so chances,
 A Gennet you needs must hire,
 If your Business be hasty,
 I'll lend you my Mastty,
 To carry you out of the Mire,
 He's a dainty fine Cur,
 You need not him spur,
 If you his Condition but knew :
 For he'll prance and he'll gape,
 When he carries my Ape,
 Much more when he carries you.

On a Merry Lass.

SUSAN's a mettlesome Jade, all Air and Fire,
 As merry as a Man can well desire :
 She takes Delight to laugh, play, dance, or sing,
 Will kiss, hug, promise; nay, do any thing.
 To any Game at Cards she'll not say Nay,
 But laugh and lie down, is her common Play ;
 At Draughts or Tables she'll engage with any,
 Only she's apt to bear a Man too many.

At Bowls she beats all Gamesters young and old,
 Provided always they the Rubbers hold,
 And tho' they still play on she'll change their Gold.

The Kissing Lovers.

Kisses six Hundred, sweet ones too dost hear?
 Chloe, six Hundred give thy only Dear;
 Not such as Fathers from their Daughters have,
 Nor such as Brothers from their Sisters crave:
 But such as kinder wives their Husbands lend,
 Or the fond Maid does give her dearest Friend.
 Long Kisses I love best, the short retire
 Too soon, are but just tasted, and expirè;
 Nice Lips are not much better than a Mute,
 And lifeless Marble Statue to salute;
 I love, sweet Chloe, to restrain thy Tongue,
 And twixt my moister Lips detain it long;
 Then sucking, pinch it with a mighty Bite,
 And like two Doves, begin a pleasing Fight.
 Struggle, yet still kiss on, renew our Joys,
 And as we bill express a murm'ring Noise.
 Kisses like these may sweet as Nectar prove,
 Or blest Ambrosia, which the Gods so love.
 If you'll kiss thus, and let my Hand beside
 Into your softer Bosom slide:
 There stroke your Breasts, I shall not care one Jot
 For all the kind Allurements you have got,
 Beneath that modest Veil the Petticoat.

A Curse upon the London Vintners.

Since they the noble Juice abuse,
 As we have cause to think it,
 May all true Topers wine refuse,
 And none but Rabble drink it.
 Thus may they Slaves to Slaves become,
 Till they're despis'd among us;

And

And smell no sweeter Air at Home,
Then Smoak of damn'd Mundungus.
May they be curb'd, and live in Awe,
Of Porters and of Carmen;
And drink no wine but what they draw
For such mis judging Vermin.
As they deserve, grant mighty Jove,
That this may be their Sentence:
May Stum their ling'ring Poison prove,
And bring them to Repentance.

Advice to a Jealous Husband.

POOOR Jealous Fool, to thus thy wife confine,
And make her by herself in private pine;
What tho' she's buxom, beautiful, and young,
Her Inclinations vigorous and strong;
Because she's handsome, must she therefore be
A wretched Pris'ner, and a Slave to thee?
Must she from Church-Devotion be restrain'd?
And must her friendly Visits be refrain'd?
Must none Admittance to her Presence have,
But sage old Kinsmen, Neighbours to the Grave?
Must she to none declare her Captive State,
But servile Spies must at her Elbow wait?
Must all her Youthful Charms be thus confin'd,
And th' injur'd Wretch not dare to speak her Mind.
Fie, fie, thou'rt but a greater Slave than she,
Chain'd to the Horn by thy own Jealousy:
Tho' thy wife's chaste, and ne'er so free from Faults,
Thou'rt still an odious Cuckold in thy Thoughts.
Fancy, without her Aid, cornutes thy Brows,
And to revenge the woman's wrongs bestows,
The very self-same Torments, Plagues and Stings
A lustful Harlot on her Husband brings:
Then vex not her, nor teaze thyself, we see
The watchful Dragon could not guard the Tree,
But

But let thy Thoughts and her be unconfin'd,
 And both enjoy the Freedom of the Mind:
 For tis not all the wit and Care thou hast,
 But her own Prudence that must keep her chaste.
 Vertue's the Centre that must guard the Door,
 And if that fails, she'll surely be a whore.

Upon Criticks.

CRiticks their Love to ancient Authors wed,
 And hate all Modern Poets till they're dead;
 Instead of Meriting, they envy Praise,
 And flog with Birch all those that aim at Bays;
 Wit they have seldom, very often none,
 And cannot do, but carp at what is done:
 Their musty Rules so obsolete and old,
 Must be the Touchstone of our modern Gold.
 Pardon me, Sirs, I cannot think it fit,
 The *Latin* Fools should judge of *English* wit.

The Spendthrift.

LOOK yonder, but behold the wretched State
 Of the gay Fool that swagger'd so of late,
 Who was too rich, too proud, too great, too good,
 To be advis'd, disputed, or withstood:
 See how his Garb, which but the other Day
 Was so profusely fine, so vainly gay,
 Is into shameful Rents and Tatters torn,
 And he himself become a publick Scorn:
 In him we may behold th'unhappy Fate
 Of those made rich too soon, and wise too late.

The S O I S.

Come prithee, honest *Jack*, fill t'other Pipe,
 Let us not part when just our wits are ripe;
 Tis much too early to retire to Bed;
 Here, Drawer fill us t'other Quart of Red.

Home

Home's but a melancholy House of Care,
Children and wives our great Disturbers are.
Come fill the Glass, at nothing now repine,
We're only happy when we're o'er our wine.
Sleep's but the lifeless Image of pale Death;
Then let us fill and drink whilst we have Breath.
Come pull away, 'twill make us brisk and brave,
There's no such charming Liquor in the Grave.

The GOSSIPS.

Good Neighbour, how d'ye do? And do again?
I think I have not seen you God knows when,
I hear your Husband's gone abroad to Day,
So I look'd in, but really I cant stay;
Pray see in what a Pickle I am come
Upon my Life I left no Soul at Home.

(white,
Pray, Neighbour, now you're here, sit down a
I'll tell you something that will make you smile,
I vow you startled me to hear you speak.
I have not seen you, I believe, this Week;
Ne'er since we drank Geneva you know where.
When merry Mr. — you know who was there.
Lord, how these cunning Children stand and leer!
One can say nothing but these Brats must hear.
Go you to School, go Sirrah, how you stand,
And take your Sister with you by the Hand.
Come, pray sit down, dont want so much intreating,
Are you for Drinking, Neighbour, or for Eating?

You'll always make one stay, the Duce is in ye,
well; since I'm thus dropt in, I'll spend my Penny;
Tho' when I first stept in, I vow and swear,
I did not think to stay one Minute here:
But since there's none but your own self at Home,
I'm glad I did so opportunely come.

Prithce,

Prithee, let's smoke one merry whiff, and then
I'll march my way—The Lord above knows when.

*From a Captain in the English Army, to a Captain
in the Irish Army.*

Kings just like Gods, punish as you deserve,
They punish, by permitting us to starve.
The Answer.

Should Kings, like Gods, punish as you deserve,
You'd all be hang'd, and not have time to starve.

The various Humours of Mankind.

GIVE me a charming Lass, Twangdillo cries,
I know no Happiness, but Love's sweet Joys.
Give me the Bottle, says the red-fac'd Sot,
Damn whores, I'd not give Three-pence for a T—t
For Flights and Smiles the Poet raves ;
The learnt Philosopher true Knowledge craves.
The Priest for a good Benefice lays wait,
The proud Man covets to be rich and great
The Lover courts to gain the cloven Spot,
And nice Sir Courtly wants he knows not what.
The Soldier loves to conquer when he fights,
And in the Plunder of the Town delights.
The lustful Matron seeks for a Gallant,
The ripe young Virgin does a Husband want :
But I, poor I, want every thing by Turns,
Except a scolding wife, and Cuckold's Horns.

A Copy of the Association from Topsham.

We your Majesty's Rightful and Lawful Subjects,

OF Loyal Conversation,
Within this Corporation,
Do make Protestation
Of our great Inclination,
To enter into Association
Without Equivocation.

You

Or mental Reservation;
For the happy Preservation
Of your Majesty's Royal Station,
And the good Church and Nation,
From Transubstantiation,
And the cursed Perturbation,
Of the Jacobites Combination,
To work our Desolation,
By a horrid Assassination,
And a French Invasion,
Whereof we of Royal Perswasion,
Without superstitious Innovation,
Do pray for the Extirpation
Of every Hellish Machination;
And firmly hope for Conversation
From all Romish Tribulation,
With perpetual Toleration,
My unanimous Declaration,
And solemn Attestation,
Crave your Royal Approbation,
And Gracious Acceptation,
Which will be an Obligation
From Generation to Generation
Upon your faithful Congregation.

The Taylor's Receipt to the Mercer.

EVER since Cain slew Abel,
Or the Building of Babel,
do hereby at large
Most freely discharge
Therman the Mercer
By his Man the lesser,
The Sum of Twenty Shilling,
aid very willing,
ustly and truly,
The 25th of July.

Thomas Blunt.
The

The Beginning and the End of Love.

A Pleasant Object gratifies the Eye,
 Makes ev'ry Sense to *make* a feast comply:
 The Hopes of Pleasure captivates the Brain,
 And warms the flowing Blood in ev'ry Vein.
 Till by Degrees it *kindles* up Love's fire,
 And arms the fancy with a strong Desire;
Makes us pursue with Eagerness and Heat,
 Those visionary Joys we *think* so sweet,
Which when obtained we find a foolish Cheat.

Upon a Scold.

ETernal fury hold thy cursed Tongue,
 So *quick* so sharp so loose so loud so long
 That neither Husband, Neighbour, friend nor foe,
 Can be at Ease whene'er they hear it go.
 Dread Thunder is a much less frightful Noise,
 Drums, Guns, and Bells are *Musick* to thy Voice;
 The pill'ry, which the perjur'd Villain fears,
 Cannot be half so uneasy to the Ears;
 Nor is the aching Head's vexatious Pain,
 Half so tormenting to a *fickle* Brain:
 Then, Lord, defend, and *keep* my Ears secure
 From that sad Plague, which none but death can cure.

To the Proprietor of the *Parnassus Packet*.

Parnassus, 11th of *May*, 1702.

On Poetry. A Satyr.

OVID a Story tells his wreath to grace,
 How Phœbus and young Daphne ran a Race
 The poets' fancy, the swift Maid pursu'd,
 And turn'd her into Lawrel to delude,
 Since with the Bays Apollo's Brow's adorn,
 And are by Heroes, and by poets worn;

Hero

- Hero and Poet, those two Fogs of Men,
 One's Skull's too thick, and th' other is too thin.
 10 But leaving the Knight-Errant to his Rage,
 'Tis with the other Laureat I'll engage,
 That nameless Thing, a Poet, never made
 A Monster, like himself, tho' 'tis his Trade.
 His Veins sometimes in mighty Numbers swell,
 And Love, and Hate, and War, and Battles tell.
 15 He'll take an Age to make a Heroe be
 As mad in Arms, as he's in Poetry,
 Oft he in Fury does his Satire whet,
 And his Point level at the Rich and Great,
 When they his Expectation do defeat.
 20 But when with whining Verses he writes to Philly
 Nothing is so impertinently silly;
 He talks of sacred Groves and Hellicon,
 And of the mighty Hills he dreams upon.
 Let him talk on of Bowers, Fields and Streams,
 25 Yet all his vast possessions are but Dreams.
 His Spring is Ale when he can get no Claret,
 And his Parnassus is a lofty Garret:
 Where fancy'd Flames his heaving Breast inspire
 Having no other but the Muse's Fire.
 30 He says that Verse immortal Fame can give,
 Whilst the poor Madman scarce finds means to
 (live:
 But this is Truth too old, and when I tell it.
 'Tis thus I fancy, *Cythius aussem vellet*;
 Wretch that thou art, to ridicule the Flame,
 35 Which gives to Mortals an immortal Fame;
 Tell me for once, Apollo, tell me true,
 What's that immortal Fame? What can it do?
 Can it obtain a Lewis-d'Or, or Guinea;
 For th' Fool that whines and flatters like a Ninny;

40 Or get a Dinner at Pontack's and Locket's
For the Spark that hath both empty Guts and
(Pockets.

Can it a Bottle gain with a Soule?
Or keep a thread bare Jacket from a Louse?
In case of Need, can it procure a Friend?

45 Or can it make a scornful Lady bend?
Great Sirs, you know the wise on Money fix?
And he's the bravest that hath Coach and six?
'Tis Gold that makes the Beau and Blockhead

(witty,
50 Whilst starving Poets beg with jingling Ditty?
What says the Oracle to these Queries?
Dic & tu mihi magnas eris, Apollo cries,
Well since the God of wit says nothing to it,
I'll neither be a Heroe, nor a Poet.

Epitaphs, *Serious* and *Comical*.

On Queen Mary, of Blessed Memory.

Within this Urn her sacred Ashes rest,
Who was of Consorts and of Queens the best
In Person beautiful, in Temper mild,
Her Mind serene, with Passion undefil'd;
Her Vertue sullied with no wrath nor Pride,
Forgiving Smiles did her Resentments hide.
Unblam'd she liv'd, and reign'd without a Foe,
Forward to pardon, but to punish slow.
To Christian Rules she strictly liv'd confin'd,
Was just to God, and good to all Mankind.
The Church's Guardian Angel she appear'd,
Her Piety its declining Grandeur rear'd.
Pop'ry cast out by her reforming Charms,
And hugg'd the fainting Kingdom in her Arms:
But here her fragrant Relicks lie interr'd,
Whilst her just Soul enjoys its blest Reward.

On

On his Majesty King William.

HERE lies the fam'd illustrious Prince,
 William the Third both Great and Good,
 Who England sav'd without th' Expence,
 Of Friend's or Adversary's Blood:
 With steady hands he rul'd the Reins,
 Was cautious here and watchful there,
 Neither inflam'd the British Plains,
 Nor chill'd the Soil for want of Care,
 France trembled at his warlike Sword,
 Whilst England in her Safety joy'd;
 His active Soul with Vertue stor'd.

Was ne'er at Ease unless employ'd
 Had jealous England truly known
 The Royal Vertues he possess'd,
 He had not only blest the Throne,
 But left the Kingdom doubly blest.
 Great was his Birth, and great his Name;
 Great were his Deeds, here he lies,
 Yet Ages cannot blast his Fame,
 Who now is is great above the skies.

*A Character of King William the Third attempted by
 an ingenious and faithful lover of his King and Conuntry.*

HE was (but is no more)
 The head hand and heart of the Confederacy.
 Asserter of Liberty, and Deliverer of Nations.
 Support of the Empire,
 Bulwark of *Holland* and Flanders:
 Preserver of Britain reducer of Ireland:
 Terror of France.
 His Thoughts were wise and secret:
 Words few and faithful:

Actions many and Heroick,
 Government without Tyranny,
 Justice without Rigour,
 Religion without Superstition,
 He was great without Pride,
 Valiant without Violence,
 Active without *Weariness*,
 Cautious without Fear,
 Meritorious without Thanks.

King, Queen, Prince, Potentate, the World never saw,
 So wise, just, honest, valiant as Nassau.

He was —————

But words are wanting to say what:

Say all that's Great and Good, and he was **That**.

*An Epitaph on the Duke of Grafton, who
 was killed at the Taking of Cork in Ire-
 land. Written by a Cabbin-Boy of a
 Ship.*

BEneath this Place,
 Is stow'd his Grace
 The Duke of Grafton,
 As true a Blade,
 As e'er was made,
 Or e'er had Haft on.
 Mark'd with a Star,
 Was fam'd for war.
 Of Mettle true,
 As ever drew,
 Or made a Pass
 At Lad or Lass.
 This Son of Mars,
 Ne'er hung an Arse,
 Or turn'd his Tail,
 Tho' Shot, like Hail,

Flew

But

HAre u
 To
 Till D
 His
 He liv
 And
 His C
 His
 Than
 Or

Flew about his Ears,
Thro' Pikes and Spears,
So thick they hid the Sun,
He bravely led them on,
More like a Devil than a Man.
He ne'er would dread
Shot made of Lead,
Or Cannon-Ball,
Nothing at all ;
But a Bullet of Cork
Soon did his Work,
Unhappy Pellet,
With Grief I tell it ;
Thus quite undone
Great Cæsar's Son ;
A Statesman spoil'd,
A Soldier foil'd.

G—d rot him
That shot him,
A Son of a whore,
I'll say no more,
But here lies Henry Duke of Grafton.

On A--b--p S---t.

Here lies the Reverend S—'s Dust,
Whose loyal Sufferings all discerning,
Are us'd as Glories by the Just.

To crown his Piety and Learning.
Till Death his Knowledge had no End,

His active Soul was so capacious:
He liv'd the Church's faithful Friend,
And died a second Athanasius.

His Conscience just, his Spirit brave,
His Vertue greater Fame inherit,
Than Grecian Worthies in the Grave,
Or all the Roman Saints could merit,

His Memory fully'd with no Crime,
 Will of Worth and Durance be;
 'Twill bury Churches, out-live Time,
 And stand up with Eternity.

On a Knight who was beheaded in the troublesome Times.

HERE lies the Relicks of a martyr'd Knight,
 Whose Loyalty, unspotted as the Light,
 Seal'd with his Blood his injur'd Sov'reign's Right,
 His Head the State did from his Body sever,
 Because, when living, 'twas his just Endeavour,
 To join the Nation and its Head together.

He boldly fell, girt round with weeping Soldiers
 Imploring Heaven, for the Good of the Beholders.
 So to cut H——'s Head from England's Shoulders.

On the Rev. Mr Richard Robbins. By N. T.

HERE lies the fleshly Prison, but the Saint
 Triumphs in Heaven, free from all Restraint;
 Blest Robin ! Death to him has lost his Sting,
 His great aspiring Soul has taken Wing,
 Soaring, reach'd higher than the starry Sky,
 He liv'd by Faith, and did with Transport die.

*On an old Soldier, who long before he dy'd, lost both
 Legs in the Service of his Country*

Beneath this Stone here lieth one,
 Who in his Race of Life to Death,
 Has by his own two Legs out run,
 Altho' they were first out of Breath :

He follow'd twenty Years behind,
When they had long perform'd their Course ;
 They got the Start, which was unkind,
 But now they're met, tis ne'er the worse :

His

Epitaphs, *Serious and Comical.* 141

His Courage sure did Death provoke,
who trying if his Heart was sound,
Struck both his Legs off at one Stroke,
yet could not bring him to the Ground,
'Till Age at last drew on Decay,
hasten'd by Bruises, Cuts, and thumps,
Then death commanding him away,
forc'd him to march upon his Stumps.

*On a Dutchman, who was a great Lover of Fish, and
happen'd to choke himself with over Eagerness at
a Fish-Dinner.*

HERE truly lies, for all our jeering,
The Quintessence of Pickle Herring,
For Fish he lov'd like any Otter.
Nay better, when 'twas out of water.
And swam a second Time in Butter.
But like those Sons that can't forbear
The Bottle, or the Charming Fair,
Beneath their Fate the Glutton fell,
And dy'd with what he lov'd so well,
In this Condition here he lies,
'Till Dutchmen shall to Heaven to rise,
And when that joyful Time will be,
The Lord knows who may tell for me.

On a Man that dy'd of the Fowl Disease.

HERE lies poor *Wimbleton*, God rest his Soul,
Bit by a damn'd Snap-Dragon in a Hole:
The wound was mortal none could do him good,
But Death, who cur'd what no Physician could,
Hard was his Fate, Farewel, departed Brother,
Toss'd by one dirty Hole into another.

*On a Woolcomber, who was hang'd for
Sheep-stealing.*

Beneath this Gallows lies Tom Kemp,
Who liv'd by wool, and dy'd by Hemp;
The Fleece would not suffice the Glutton,
But with it he must steal the Mutton:
Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,
He'd ne'er been hang'd for a Sheepbiter.

*Spoke Extempore by a Seaman on his Com-
rade, that was shot in an Engagement,
and flung over board.*

Intomb'd within a liquid Wave,
Lies honest Philip, once so brave:
Such Men as he the King has need of,
Pox take the Ball that shot his Head off,
And at once sent his brawny Crupper,
To give some greedy Shark a Supper.
Fire, my Lads, by all that's good,
We'll fight till we revenge his Blood,
It never shall be said but we,
To one we lose, we'll knock down three.

*On a Man that choak'd himself with a Bit
of New Bread.*

BY many Folks it has been said,
The only Staff of Life is Bread:
How could it then stop Simon's Breath,
And be the Occasion of his Death;
One little Morsel prov'd his last,
which he devour'd in so much Haste;
That angry Death in Passion swore,
He ne'er should swallow one Bit more.

On

*On an Old Woman, occasion'd by a Sexton filling up
her Grave with a Wooden Leg.*

HERE lies an old Woman Good d——n her,
That liv'd at the Sign of the Hammer,
She dy'd of the Cholick,
A very pretty Frolick,
To see how the Sexton did ram her.

*A Man who had no Children by his Wife, told her,
when she died the following should be her Epitaph.*

UNDER this Slate
Lies barren Kate,

Who replied, then this shall be your's.

UNDER this Stone
Lies one that had none

*On John Brown, who killed himself with eating of
Curds. Written by his Wife.*

HERE lies John Brown, a Man of few Words,
Who kill'd himself with eating of Curds,
But had he been rul'd by Joan his Wife,
He might have liv'd all the Days of his Life.

*On Chancellor Hide's Son, who dy'd a Youth at West-
minster-School, and was bury'd in the Abby.
Written with a Piece of Chalk upon his Stone,
by one of his School-Fellows.*

HEre lies Ned Hide,
Because he dy'd;
We had much rather
It had been his Father;
Had it been his Sister,
We had not mist her.

But

But since 'tis Ned
That here lies dead,
Who was in Truth,
A pretty Youth,
Let fall a Tear upon his Stone,
To shew you're sorry he is gone.

*On Sir John Calf, who was three times Lord Mayor
of York.*

HERE lies Sir John Calf, who was three-times
Lord-Mayor of this City.
Honour, Honour, Honour.

A Spark reading it writes thus underneath.

OH cruel Death, More subtle than a Fox,
who would not let this Calf become an Ox,
That he might browse among the Briars and Thorns,
And wear, among his Brethren, Horns, horns, horns.

*On one Mr. Tame's Wife, whose Maiden Name was
Wild.*

INtomb'll here lies my dearest Dame,
I woo'd her *Wild*, and made her *Tame*:
Lo, here she lies without Bed or Blanket,
Dead as a Door-Nail, God be thanked.

On Abraham a Taylor's Wife, whose Name was Sarah.

ON *Abraham's* Bosom full of Lice,
To *Abraham's* Bosom in Paradise,
The Soul of Sarah tooks its Flight,
And bid the Loufie Rogue good Night.

On

Epitaphs, *Serious and Comical.* 145

On Thomas Saffin, in Stepney Church yard.

HERE Thomas Saffin lies interr'd, O why?
Born in New-England, d'd in London dye?
Was the third Son of Eight begot upon
His Mother Martha, by his Father John:
Belov'd by his Prince he began to be,
'Till nipt by Death at the Age of twenty-three:
Fatal to him was that we Small-pox name,
By which his Mother and three Brethren came,
To breath their last some several Years before,
Leaving their aged Father to deplore
The Loss of all his Children, with a wife,
Who was the Joy and Comfort of his Life.

On Marsh, an Informer.

STAY, Reader, and piss here, for it is said,
Under this Dirt a sly Informer's laid.
If Heaven be pleas'd when Mortals cease to sin;
And Hell be pleas'd when Villains enter in;
And Earth be pleas'd when it intombs a Knave,
Sure all are pleas'd, now Marsh is in his Grave.

On a Good Woman.

THEDame that takes her Rest within this Tomb
Had Rachel's Face, and Leah's fruitful womb;
Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart,
Martha's just Care, and Mary's better part.

On the Lord Lin——n, who expired in the Act of Generation.

HERE fast asleep,
Full twelve foot deep.
The Earl of Lin——n lies
Who with his own spade,
His own Grave made
Betwixt his Lady's Thighs.

A Passenger reading it; added what follows:

If through that Hole
To Heaven he stole,
I will be bold to say,
He was the last
That ever past,
And first that found that way.

On a young Lady that died on her Wedding-Day, before her Bridegroom had bedded her, who caused a double Stone to be put over her, with this Epitaph.

Beneath here lies a marry'd Maid,
Whose Grave became her Bridal Bed,
But since she elop'd as soon as wedded,
Her Bridegroom to her Memory's Honour,
Has plac'd a Pair of Stones upon her;
Resolving, since alive she'd none,
When dead, she should have more than one;
But whilst he breathes, he still is grieving,
To think she had 'em not when living.

Under-writ by a Passenger.

Perhaps the pretty Bird was flown,
That he so much rely'd upon;
Which made her die with Grief affected,
To think she'd lost what he expected:
Tis true, her Case was something hard,
But dead, one Stone he might have spar'd;
Because when living, many swear,
She had been cover'd with a Pair.

SONGS

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SONGS and BALLADS.

On 2. Mary's Death. A Song.

Sordid Fate, to snatch from Earth,
The brightest Soul that e'er had Birth;
Vertue, Wit, and Beauty's fled,
To grace the Mansions of the Dead.

To mourn for so Just and Fair,
A Crown of Cypress will I wear;
O'er her Urn I'll daily weep,
Wherein her sacred Ashes sleep.

Grieve, that so bright a Creature:
Bless'd by Heaven and Nature,
Should with each Majestick Feature,

In the Dust be laid,
But Oh! she's dead, dead, dead.

Oh! she's dead.

Oh! she's dead, dead; dead.

But since our Tears cannot a moment save,
From greedy Death the *Wise* or Great,

Or call them back a Minute from the Grave,
Why should we grieve, or thus lament her Fate?

For Vertue, *Wit*, and Beauty mortal are,

When fate commands they must away,

Where Kings and Beggars, Homely and the fair]

Free from Contempt or Envy, mix their Clay.

Then let's forget

To mourn the *Fate*

Of Good or Great,

When once they're gone,

And merry be,

To think such Shrubs as we,

Escape and see

Such lofty Pines cut down,

Sorrow

*Sorrow drown'd in a Glass : Or, The Dead Mistress
soon forgot*

Since Corinna's fled away.
To the Blessing of immortal Day,
And left me thus behind on Earth,
To give my Sorrow daily Birth ;
I'll to some cool Shade retire,
Where Turtles Wings shall fan my Fire :
My sweet tun'd Lute I'll tune and play
The tedious Life of hours away.
Corinna's Name my Song shall be,
The Birds shall join in harmony,
Thus banish Misery
And merry, merry, be ;
My Time away
I'll sing and play
Beneath a shady Tree
But since she's gone why should I grieve ?
My Sight cannot the Loss retrieve :
'Tis a Folly to be sad
For Sorrow makes us mad :
'Tis better far
To drown our Care,
And make our Spirits glad.

CHORUS

Come hither
You Birds that are of a Feather ;
And as the old Proverb says,
Let's flock together.
Here's Wine, Boys,
So sparkling, so pleasant, and fine, Boys,
Such sacred Liquor,
Drowns ev'ry ill Design, Boys.

Let's

Let's toss off our Glasses,
Whilst other damn'd Plots are devising,
 Thus drink 'till our faces
 Look red as the Sun at his Rising.

The D O C T O R.

SEE, Sirs, see here, a Doctor rare,
Who travels much at home;
Here take my pills, I cure all Ills,
 Past, present, and to come.
 The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch, the
 (Gout, the stone the Pox,
 The Mulligrubs, the bonny scrubs, and all, all, all,
 (all, all, Pandora's box.

Thousands I have dissected,
 Thousands more erected,
 And such Cures effected, as none e'er can tell.
 Let the Cholick rack ye,
 Let the Palsie shake ye,
 Let the Crinkums break ye,
 Let the Murrain take ye,
 Take this, this and you are well:
 Thousands, &c.
 Come wits so keen,
 Devour'd with spleen,
 Come beaus who've strain'd your backs;
 Great belly'd Maids,
 Old founder'd Jades
 And pepper'd Vizard-Cracks.
 I soon remove the pains of Love,
 And ease the Love-sick Maid.
 The Sor, the Scold, the Young, the Old,
 The Living and the Dead.
 I clear the Lass with wainscot face,
 And from Pimgennets free,

Plump

Plump Ladies Red
 Like Sarazen's Head,
 with topping Ratafia,
 This with a Jerk,
 will do your work,
 And scour you o'er and o'er,
 Read, judge, and try, and if you die,
 Never believe me more,
 Never, never, never, never, never believe me more,
 Here are People and Sports,
 Of all Sizes and Sorts;
 Coach'd Damsel and 'Squire,
 And Mob in the Mire;
 Tarpaulins,
 Trugmallions,
 Lords, Ladies,
 Sows, Babies,
 And Loobies in Scores,
 Some Hauling,
 Some Bawlings,
 Some Leering,
 Some Fleering,
 Some Loving,
 Some Shoving,
 with Legions of Furbelow'd whores,
 To the Tavern some go,
 And some to a Show,
 See Poppits,
 For Moppits,
 Jack Puddings,
 For Cuddens,
 Rope Dancing,
 Mares Prancing,
 Boats Flying,
 Quacks Lying,

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Pick-pockets,
Pick plackets,
Tars, Butchers, and Beaus:
Fops prattling,
Dice rattling,
Rooks shamming,
Puts damning,
Whores painted,
Marks tainted,

In Tally Man's Furbelow Cloaths,
If Mobs Joy you would know,
To the Musick-House go,

See Taylors,
And Sailors,
Whores Oily,
In Doyley,
Here Musick makes you sick.

Cows skipping,
Clowns tripping
Some joaking
Like Spiggot and Tap;
Short Measure,
Strange Pleasure,
Thus Billing
And Swilling,
Some yearly,
Get fairly for Fairings,
Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

*War with the Leviathan: Or, The Royal
Fisher. By R. S.*

WHere you epitomiz'd may see
What Crews to Sea Long Islands send,
What, and how great those Hazards be,
Whsch on that brave Design attend.

The

The Tune. Hey to the Temple.

WHY stay we at home now the Season is come?
 Jolly Lads, let us liquor our Throats;
 Our Interest we wrong, if we tarry too long,
 Then all hands aloft, let us fit our boats;

Let each Man prepare
 Of the Tackling his share,
 By Neglect a good Voyage may be lost;

Come I say,
 Let's away,
 Make no Stay,
 Nor Delay;

For the winter brings whales on the Coast.

Harry, Will, Robin, Ned, with bold Tom in the head,
And Sam in the Stern bravely stand,

As rugged a Crew (if you give them their Due)

As e'er did take Oars in their hands:

Such heroes as these

Will with blood stain the seas,

When they join with their resolute Mates,

Who with Might,

Void of fright,

With Delight,

Boldly fight.

Mighty *Whales*, as if they were but Sprats.

Come Coyl in the war, see the hatchets be sharp,

And make ready the Irons and Launces;

Each Man ship his Oar, and leave nothing on shoar,

That is needful the Voyage to advance;

See the buoy be made tight.

And the Drug fitted right,

So that nothing be wanting anon,

Never doubt.

But look out,

Round

Round about,

Ther's a Spout,

Come away, Boys let's launch if we can,

The Surff runs too high, 'twill be down by-and-by,

Take a Slatch to go off; now 'twill do,

Huzza! Launch a main, for the Sea grows again,

Pull up briskly a Stroke (Boys) or two,

Ha, well row'd! 'Tis enough,

We are clear of the Surff,

Every hand heave out Water apace,

There's the Whale,

That's her Back,

That looks black;

There's her Wake.

Pull away, Boys, let's give her Chase.

Ha! well row'd jolly Trouts, pull away, there she

And we gain of her briskly, I find, (spouts

We're much about her Ground, let's take a Dram

And her Rising before let us mind (round

She is here, just a head,

Stand up: Tom; pull up Ned:

We ere fast back a stern what ye may.

Hold on: Lad;

I'm afraid:

She's a Jade:

She's so mad.

She's scragg: for your Lives cut away:

It is but in vain to despond or complain.

Tho' we've met with Misfortunes already,

noar, 'Tis Courage must do, for the Proverb you know:

A faint heart never won a fair Lady:

Come this is no Disgrace.

Pull up: Lads: t'other Chace:

Our Motes will be fast without Doubt;

So what Chear?

We are uear.

Round

She

She is there,
 No, she's here,
 Jist a Stern, jolly Hearts, pull about,
 Full briskly, for there she's risen very fair,
 Back a Stern, it is up to the Strep;
 Well done, come bravely throw'd, clearly, Lads,
 (bravely row'd,
 Tis not always we meet with Mishap,
 Veer our wrap, let her run,
 She will quickly have done:
 Well done Mate, 'twas a brave second Stroke,
 Now she jerks,
 Who can work,
 Veer our wrap,
 She tows sharp,
 Hang the Blacksmith, our Launce it is broke,
 Pull a head, haul in wrap, for she rows not so sharp,
 But's beginning to flounce and to strike;
 Fit a Launce, let us try, if we can by and by
 Give her one gentle Touch to the Quick.
 Bravely throw'd, jolly Lads,
 She's nothing nigh so mad
 As she was, th'other Launce may do good;
 Well done, Tom,
 That was home
 To her womb,
 Makes her foam,
 She's sick at the Heart, she spouts Blood,
 The Bus'ness is done, launce no more, let's alone,
 'Tis her Hurry, she's as dead a Herring;
 Let's take in a Tow, and all Hands stoutly row,
 And Mate Sam, prithee mind well thy Steering;
 The wind begins to blow,
 And the Seas bigger grow,
 Every Man put his Strength to his Oar;

Leave to prate,
Now 'tis late;
Well row'd Mate,
Hey for Kate,

She's a-ground, cut away, let's a-shoar.
Come turn up our Boats, let's put on our Coats,
And to Ben's, there's a chirruping Cup;
Let's comfort our Hearts, ev'ry Man his two Quarts,
And to-morrow all Hands to cut up,
Betimes leave your wives,
Bring your Hooks and your Knives;
And let none lie a-bed like a Lubber:
But begin
With the Sun,
To have done
Before Noon,
That the Carts may come down for the Blubber.

F I N I S.



N^o 1469



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